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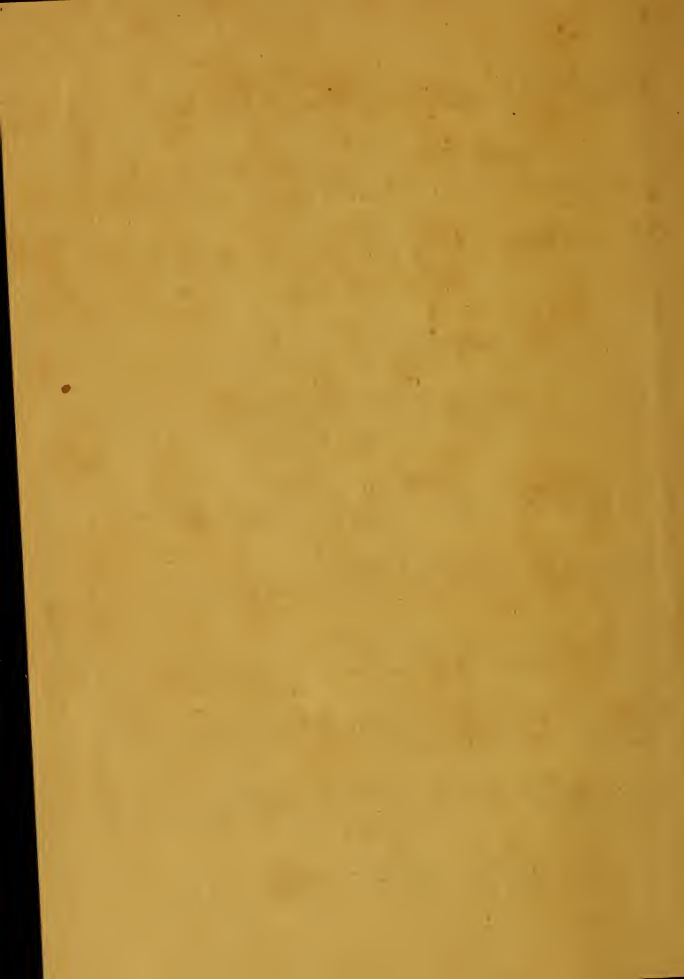
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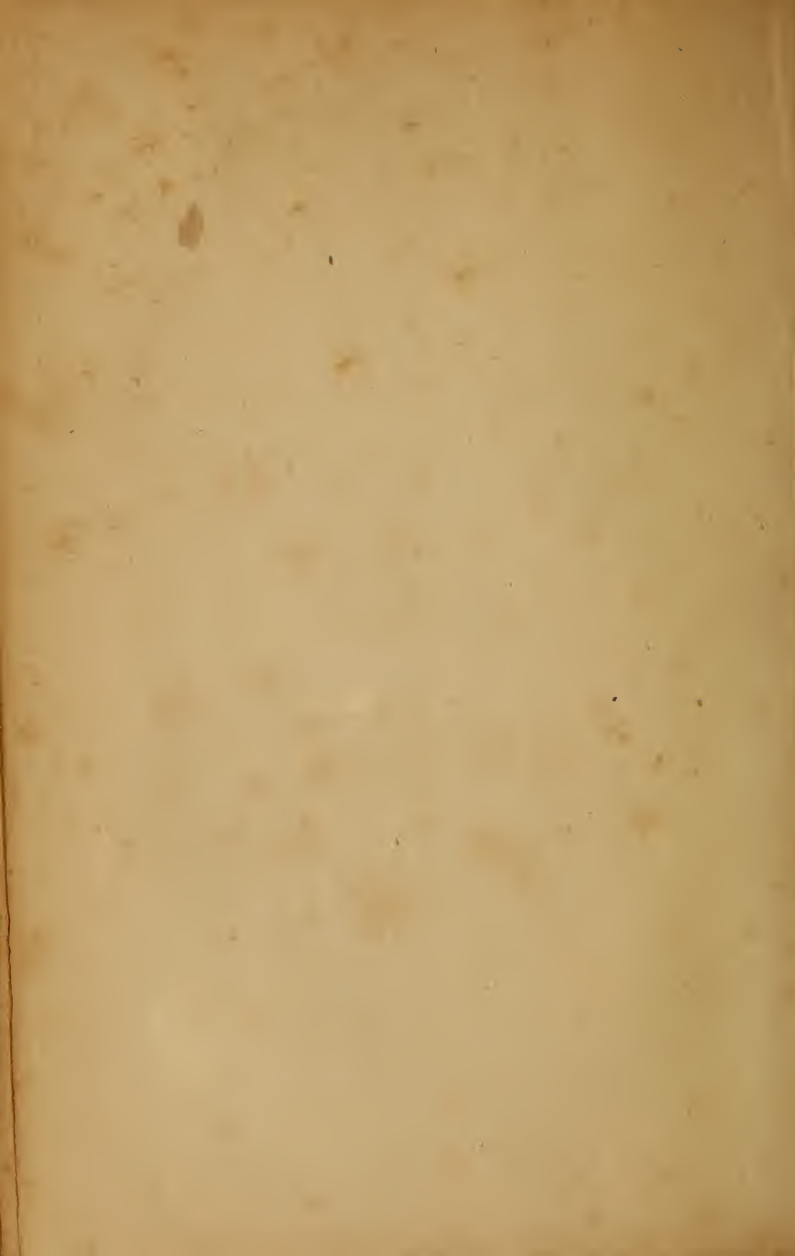
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Yours  
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For  
Laura









THE

# CHRISTMAS BELLS :

A Tale of Holy Tide:

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONSTANCE," "VIRGINIA," ETC.

John W

BROWN.

Come here thy soul to tune,  
Here set thy feeble chant;  
Here, if at all beneath the moon,  
Is holy David's haunt.

KEBLE.

NEW-YORK :  
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,  
200 BROADWAY.

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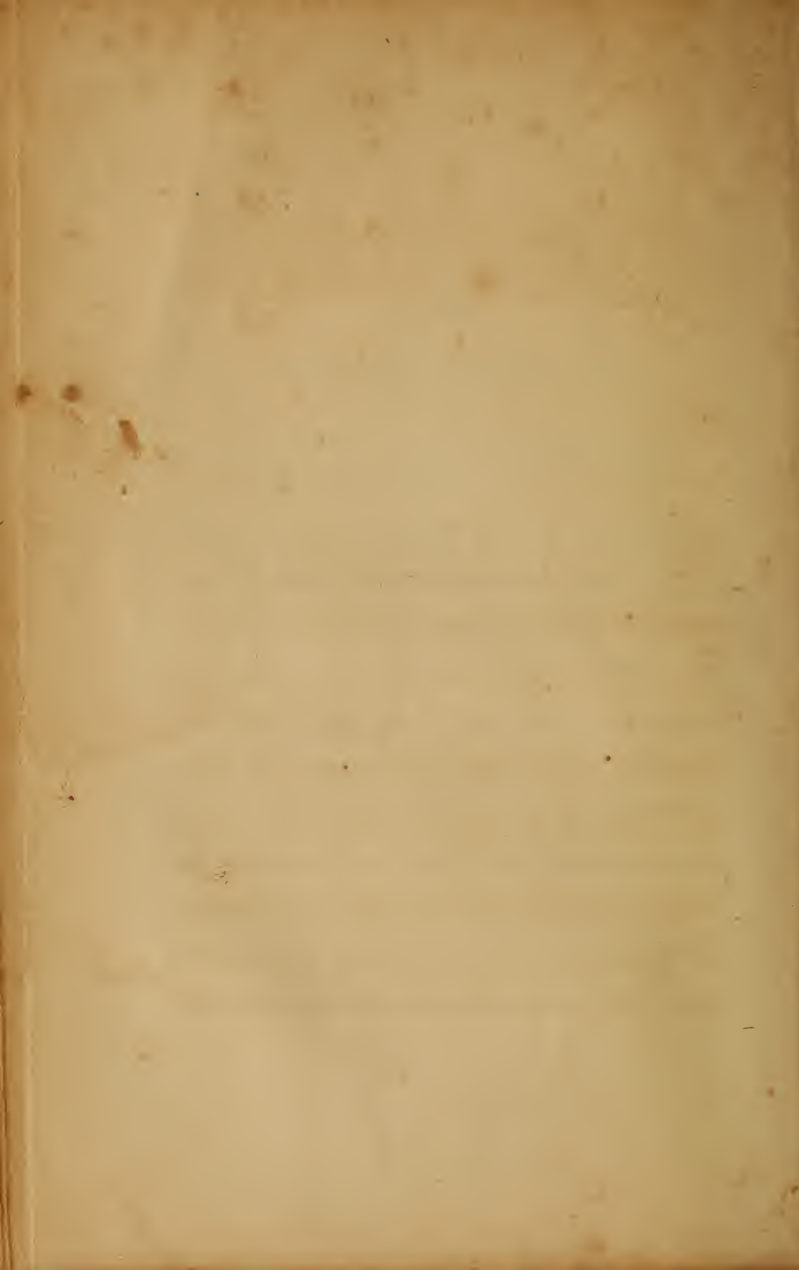
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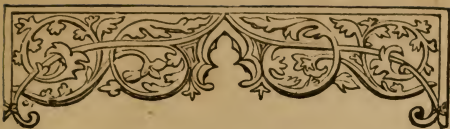
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To  
THE TEACHERS AND PUPILS  
OF  
THE ASTORIA FEMALE INSTITUTE,  
THIS VOLUME  
IS  
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,  
AS  
A MEMENTO OF MANY HAPPY AND  
PROFITABLE HOURS  
SPENT IN THEIR SOCIETY.





## P R E F A C E .

---

THE author of the following poems claims for them no higher merit than that of preserving a simple record of feelings which have cheered his own heart in many an hour of despondency, and relieved the weariness of many a day of toil. That they may be in like manner soothing and profitable to those in whose hands they may chance to fall, is all that he can hope for. Should such prove to be the case in any instance, he will feel himself more than repaid. To the character of a poet, in its true sense, he has never dared to aspire. He

believes that poetic genius is one of the rarest gifts of God, and he would not vainly affect the possession of endowments which have been denied him.

A considerable portion of the contents of the volume has never appeared in print. Many of the smaller pieces have been published from time to time, in various journals and magazines ; some of which have been received with a degree of favor beyond their merits. Whether the present collection as a whole shall be honored with the same kind reception, is a question which time must determine.

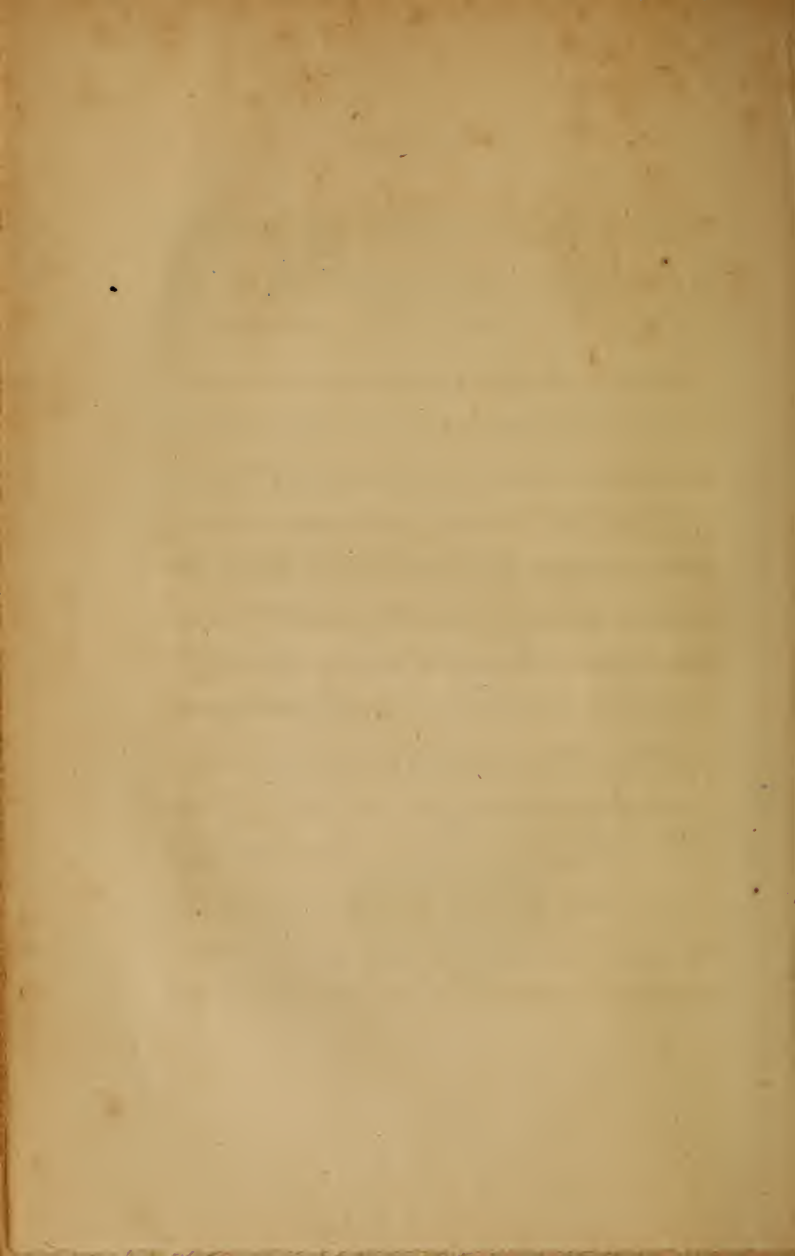
The leading poem in the volume was written, for the most part, during the season whose enjoyments and happy influences it is designed to commemorate. The Christmas hymn, introduced in the fourth part, is from a collection of religious poetry by Henry Vaughan, an English writer of the seventeenth century. The plan of

the poem, as now published, was suggested by the perusal of Washington Irving's delightful essays on the Christmas season in the Sketch Book.

The author fears that in some instances he has been too little regardful of what Jean Paul calls the "polish and *labor limæ* which contents reviewers." While he would not insult his readers by presuming to offer any apology for negligence, he trusts that the circumstances under which he has sometimes been compelled to write, will enlist their indulgence, for any occasional deficiencies in harmony of versification or purity of diction. Beyond this he asks no indulgence.

ASTORIA INSTITUTE,  
*Festival of St. Andrew, 1841.*







## CONTENTS.

---

	Page
Invocation . . . . .	11
The Christmas Bells . . . . .	19
Mount Sinai . . . . .	54
The Bishop at Rest . . . . .	59
The Church of England . . . . .	62
Hymn of Christ's Advent . . . . .	67
Ode for Epiphany . . . . .	70
Missionary Hymn . . . . .	76
Dirge of the Flowers . . . . .	78
The Spirit's Destiny . . . . .	81
Twilight Contemplation . . . . .	93
St. Paul at Athens . . . . .	96
To the Stars . . . . .	104
Sunbeams in March . . . . .	107
The First Bird in Lent . . . . .	108
The Old Elm-Tree . . . . .	111
The Early Dead . . . . .	115
Glimpses of Childhood . . . . .	118

	Page
Augustus Foster Lyde . . . . .	122
Father of Lights . . . . .	125
Morning's Light is Streaming . . . . .	127
The Shades of Night Retire . . . . .	128
The Lark is Up . . . . .	129
Bright in his Course on High . . . . .	130
Evening Parting Hymn . . . . .	133
The Heart's Sincere Devotion . . . . .	134
Evening Hymn . . . . .	136
For a Botanical Excursion . . . . .	138
Lake George at Midnight . . . . .	141
Morning . . . . .	143
Aldebaran, a Song of Time's Changes . . . . .	146
Forward . . . . .	158
Missionary Warfare . . . . .	162
Bishop White . . . . .	169
The Death of Bishop Hobart . . . . .	172
Dirge . . . . .	176
Athanasia . . . . .	178
John Wiclif . . . . .	182
Madeline: A Reminiscence of a Library . . . . .	186
Scene in the Alhambra . . . . .	194
The Gheber's Dying Hymn . . . . .	213
Sonnet . . . . .	220





## INVOCATION.

FROM orient climes, renowned in fame,  
With hearts of praise and offerings meet,  
Led by a star the sages came,  
Saviour ! to worship at thy feet.

Treasures of shining gold, with skill  
Of cunning art divinely wrought,  
Myrrh which Arabia's plains distil,  
And fragrant frankincense they brought.

No radiant gems, or golden store,  
No wealth of human art we bring :  
We may not on thine altars pour  
Incense nor costly offering :

Yet ours like theirs, the gift of love,  
Of captive minds and thankful hearts,  
Which seeks thy blessing from above  
On all the blessing it imparts.





# THE CHRISTMAS BELLS:

A TALE OF HOLY TIDE.

IN SIX PARTS.

Once again the festal morning,  
Our salvation's pledge, is come ;  
Hark ! the bells, with timely warning,  
Brethren, call us far from home ;  
Far from home in thought to wander  
To Judea's holy shore,  
Bethlehem's storied scenes to ponder,  
Bethlehem's caverned grot explore.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.





## INTRODUCTION.

---

“WHILE I lay musing upon my pillow, I heard the sound of little feet pattering outside of the door, and a whispering consultation. Presently a choir of small voices chanted forth an old Christmas carol, the burden of which was:

‘Rejoice, our Saviour he was born  
On Christmas day in the morning.’

\* \* \* \* \*

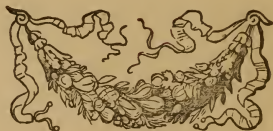
“How delightfully the imagination, when wrought upon by these moral influences, turns every thing to melody and beauty! The very crowing of the cock, heard sometimes in the profound repose of the country, ‘telling the night watches to his feathery dames,’ was thought by the common people to announce the approach of this sacred festival.

‘Some say that ever, ’gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour’s birth is celebrated,  
This bird of dawning singeth all night long.’

“Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirit and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is indeed the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the general flame of charity in the heart.

“The scene of early love again rises green to memory beyond the sterile waste of years, and the idea of home fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling joys, reanimates the drooping spirit, as the Arabian breeze will sometimes waft the freshness of the distant fields to the weary pilgrim of the desert.”

THE SKETCH BOOK.



## THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

---

All through the wintry heaven and chill night air,  
In music and in light thou dawnest on our prayer.

KEBLE.



What sudden blaze of song  
Spreads o'er th' expanse of heav'n?  
In waves of light it thrills along,  
The angelic signal given—  
"Glory to God"—from yonder central fire  
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry quire ;

Like circles widening round  
Upon a clear blue river,  
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound  
Is echoed on for ever :  
"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,  
And love towards men of love—salvation and release."

KEBLE.







## THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

---

### THE FIRST PART.

HOW THE BELLS RANG AT CHRISTMAS TIDE.

#### I.

THE bells—the bells—the Christmas bells,  
How merrily they ring !  
As if they felt the joy they tell  
To every human thing.  
The silvery tones, o'er vale and hill,  
Are swelling soft and clear,  
As, wave on wave, the tide of sound  
Fills the bright atmosphere.

## II.

The bells—the merry Christmas bells,  
They're ringing in the morn !  
They ring, when in the eastern sky  
The golden light is born ;  
They ring, as sunshine tips the hills,  
And gilds the village spire—  
When, through the sky, the sovereign sun  
Rolls his full orb of fire.

## III.

The Christmas bells—the Christmas bells,  
How merrily they ring !  
To weary hearts a pulse of joy,  
A kindlier life they bring.  
The poor man on his couch of straw,  
The rich, on downy bed,  
Hail the glad sounds, as voices sweet  
Of angels overhead.

## IV.

The bells—the silvery Christmas bells,  
O'er many a mile they sound !  
And household tones are answering them  
In thousand homes around.  
Voices of childhood, blithe and shrill,  
With youth's strong accents blend,  
And manhood's deep and earnest tones  
With woman's praise ascend.

## V.

The bells—the solemn Christmas bells,  
They're calling us to prayer ;  
And hark, the voice of worshippers  
Floats on the morning air.  
Anthems of noblest praise there'll be,  
And glorious hymns to-day,  
TE DEUMS loud—and GLORIAS :  
Come, to the church—away.



## THE SECOND PART.

HOW THE CHRISTMAS BELLS CHEERED THE OLD MAN'S  
HEART.

### I.

AN old man sat, that Christmas morn,  
Before his chamber fire,  
Watching the shadows on the wall  
Before the light retire.  
His furrowed cheek was pale and wan,  
And dim his sunken eye :  
The old man, in his loneliness,  
Thought it were good to die.

## II.

No voice of children, glad and free,  
No blessed household tone,  
No hearty Christmas greetings, thrilled  
Within that chamber lone.  
The weary moments, one by one,  
Passed, as on leaden wing,  
In that deserted house, he was  
The only living thing.

## III.

His soul was busy in the past,  
The bright, the mournful past,  
And strange thoughts on his memory  
Came crowding, thick and fast.  
But through them all, like autumn winds  
Through leafless woods that roll,  
There swept that deep, pervading grief,  
Which haunts the lonely soul.

## IV.

The lonely soul—and such was he,  
A weary, faint old man—  
Condemned in bitterness to count  
The last links of life's span ;  
The iron links,—for one by one,  
Had dropped the links of gold,  
And the great past's ingulfing sea  
Darkly above them rolled.

## V.

Soft through the winter-morning air  
The matin-peal he hears ;  
He hears—he lifts his wrinkled brow,  
And faintly smiles, through tears.  
There's music in those Christmas bells,  
Blithe music, e'en for *him* ;  
The present seems not wholly dark,  
The past not wholly dim.

## VI.

Hast thou not heard, when autumn hours  
With stars and dews were bright,  
Low mumurings on the mellow air  
Float through the livelong night?—  
Sounds, as it seemed, of early spring,  
Or summer's greenest reign,  
Slumb'ring through lapse of autumn days,  
And woke, by night, again?

## VII.

Such sounds were in the old man's ears,  
Such breathings in his heart:  
Founts of life's spring were all unsealed  
As 't were, by magic art;  
And feelings, hopes, that slumbered there  
Through the long lapse of years,  
Started to vig'rous life again,  
And gushed in joyful tears.

## VIII.

O, well is it with heart of man,  
When things like these have power  
To fling across life's shadowed track  
The hues of life's young hour :  
When music, fragrance, household tones  
From early hope and joy,  
May thus come back to nerve the *man*  
With vigor of the *boy*.







### THE THIRD PART.

HOW THE OLD CLOCK ANSWERED THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

#### I.

THEN brighter gleamed the Christmas fire  
Within that chamber old ;  
The sunlight through the curtain fell  
In streams, like molten gold.  
And here and there, a single beam  
On the soft carpet lay,  
Like a bright, silent spirit, sent  
To watch with him that day.

## II.

Dim in the corner-shade there stood  
A clock, encas'd with oak !  
For years on years 't had marked the time  
With harsh, unvarying stroke.  
Now faintly, as through dust of years,  
It struck the hour again ;  
The old man looked into its face,  
It smiled upon his pain.

## III.

In childhood's sunny hours how oft  
Had he, in wonder, stood,  
And listened to its iron tongue  
In rapt, half-fearful mood !  
How oft, at shadowy dusk, had he  
His trembling bosom press'd  
In fear and awe, as broke that sound,  
Close to his mother's breast !

## IV.

How oft, when weary at his task  
At vespers, noon or prime,  
Had that old clock befriended him,  
In boyhood's frolic time !  
How oft, awaked by frightful dreams,  
The midnight spectres grim  
Had fled before its honest clang  
As sprites from priestly hymn !

## V.

Through storm and sunshine, stanch and true  
That clock had told the hour,  
Responsive to the village-bell  
Within the gray church-tower ;  
The village-bell was swinging yet  
Within that tower gray,  
And the same sound replied to it  
As in his youthful day.

VI.

What vision dims the old man's eye ?—  
 What sees he through his tears ?—  
 Through life's long vista he beholds  
 The green, the sunlit years :—  
 Mid sounds of merry bells—mid sounds  
 From the deep organ poured,  
 A young bride at the altar stands,  
 He hears the plighted word !

VII.

*His* was the bridal kiss—the love  
 Plighted with holy words—  
 The melody of early vows,  
 Like vernal notes of birds—  
 His the fond trusting glance, half-veil'd  
 And trembling while 't was given,  
 As evening sunlight, melting through  
 The deepening blue of heaven.

## VIII.

No more—no more. O love ! O death !  
A bridal wreath ye twine,  
Of cypress, bay and amaranth,  
Lilac and eglantine.\*  
And through the cold gray night of time  
How dim the light of love !  
Just seen and quenched, like that of stars  
When night-storms rage above.

## IX.

Yet is the dream not all of gloom ;—  
How passing sweet to feel  
That death, for her, enshrined for aye  
The light it could not steal.  
How sweet to think of whisper'd words  
And signs of triumph given,  
Bringing around the bed of death  
The very light of heaven.

\* Emblems of love, death, fond remembrance, and immortal life.

## X.

The old man weeps ;—and well he may !—  
Such luxury of grief  
Brings to the sad o'erburdened heart  
Composure and relief.  
What though he now must tread alone  
Life's dark, declining way,  
There's hope within his heart, and faith  
Illumes life's closing day.

## XI.

Then ring once more, ye Christmas bells !  
Old clock ! reply again ;  
From the sweet mournful past ye bring  
A sad yet welcome strain.  
The Christmas morn is blest to him  
With memories like these,  
And sad thoughts roll away, like leaves  
Before th' autumnal breeze.



## THE FOURTH PART.

HOW THE CHILDREN SANG THE CHRISTMAS HYMN.

### I.

THEN brighter shone the Christmas fire  
Within that chamber old!  
And softer through the curtain fell  
The sunlight's molten gold.  
And purer seemed the ray that there  
On the soft carpet lay,  
Like a bright, silent spirit, sent  
To watch with him that day

## II.

Hark!—voices on the wintry air  
Are floating blithe and clear ;—  
Voices of children singing hymns  
Familiar to his ear.  
They're singing to the holy morn  
Uprisen in the east :  
“Glory to God on high,” they sing,  
“On earth good-will and peace.”

## III.

It is the very hymn he heard  
In childhood's hours of joy ;  
The sweet hymn he was wont to sing,  
A careless, happy boy !  
What blessed household memories  
Those hallowed words recall !  
What old and dear festivities  
Of his paternal hall !



## IV.

The loved, the dead!—are they not here  
    Invoked by that sweet strain?  
The friends that then around him sat,  
    Are they not here again?  
The hearts, the warm, true hearts that beat  
    Responsive to his own,  
To fancy's ear they're beating yet—  
    He is no more alone.

And soft and clear on the morning breeze  
The hymn arose, in words like these:

## SOLO.

Awake, glad heart! get up and sing!  
It is the birth-day of thy king!  
    Awake! awake!  
    The sun doth shake  
Light from his locks, and all the way  
Breaking perfumes doth spice the day.

## CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

Rejoice, our Saviour he was born  
On Christmas day in the morning!

## SOLO.

Awake! awake! hark, the wood sings;  
Winds whisper, and the busy springs  
A concert make:  
Awake! awake!  
Man is their high priest, and should rise  
To offer up their sacrifice.

## CHORUS.

Rejoice, &c.

## SOLO.

I would I were some bird or s'tar,  
Fluttering in woods, or lifted far  
Above this inn  
And road of sin!  
Then either bird or star should be  
Shining or singing still to thee.

CHORUS.

Rejoice, &amp;c.

SOLO.

I would I had in my best part  
Fit rooms for thee ! or that my heart  
Were as clean as  
Thy manger was !  
But I am all filth and obscene,  
Yet, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.

CHORUS.

Rejoice, &amp;c.

SOLO.

Sweet Jesus *will* then ; let no more  
This leper soil and haunt thy door ;  
Cure him, cure him,  
O release him !  
And let once more, by mystic birth,  
The Lord of life be born on earth.

CHORUS.

Rejoice, our Saviour he was born  
On Christmas day in the morning.

## V.

The song has ceased without—within  
Gay youthful accents ring ;  
“A merry Christmas, sir, to you !  
A Christmas gift I bring !”  
A light step on the oaken stair,  
A light step at the door,  
And then a bright young creature stands  
Upon the parlor floor.

## VI.

“A merry Christmas, sir ! I’ve brought  
Green vines from out the wood,  
With holly boughs, and ivy leaves,  
And berries bright and good :  
Beneath the shining snow I found  
This graceful Christmas vine—  
And see—I’ve twined among them all  
That sweet wild rose of mine.”

## VII.

“Bless thee, my child,” the old man said—  
She knelt beside his chair,  
The sunlight on her forehead fell,  
And on her golden hair.  
“Bless thee, my child!—may He who came  
With sinful man to dwell,  
As on this day, of virgin born,  
The Saviour, shield thee well.”

## VIII.

Then quickly o'er the chamber walls,  
With awed yet cheerful mind,  
The Christmas wreaths of living green  
With willing hand she twined.  
The ancient portraits, soiled and dim,  
Beneath the leaves grew bright,  
And through his verdant drapery  
The old clock smiled outright.

## IX.

'Twas good to see that orphan child  
Smile on the lone old man,  
As to and fro, in busy haste,  
With noiseless step she ran.  
'Twas good to see how gleamed her eye,  
How swelled her little heart,  
When he, her benefactor mild,  
Praised her untutored art.

## X.

The generous heart, the open hand,  
The gift of charity,  
What rich returns they bring to him  
To soothe his misery.  
That orphan child remembers him,  
Loves him with purest love,  
For gratitude in that young breast  
Sits brooding, like a dove.

## XI.

Then ring once more, ye Christmas bells!  
Young minstrels, sing again!  
From the sweet mournful past ye bring  
A sad yet welcome strain.  
The Christmas morn is blest to him  
With visitings like these;  
And sad thoughts roll away, like leaves  
Before the autumn breeze.





THE FIFTH PART.

HOW THE CHRISTMAS GREETING CHEERED THE OLD  
MAN'S HEART.

I.

THE bells—the solemn Christmas bells,  
They're calling now to prayer :  
And hark ! the voice of worshippers  
Thrills on the morning air.  
Anthems of highest praise there'll be,  
And glorious hymns to-day,  
TE DEUMS loud, and GLORIAS :  
Come to the church, and pray.



## II.

Then, strong of heart and firm of limb,  
The aged man arose,  
A moment smoothed his hoary locks  
White as the driven snows—  
A moment through the casement looked  
Adown the wintry road,  
Then went forth on his lonely way  
Towards the house of God.

## III.

'Tis service time! from lanes and woods  
The rustic people throng—  
The "common air is musical"  
With greetings and with song.  
With deep and serious tones of age  
The tones of childhood blend,  
And Christmas carols, through the air  
From youthful groups ascend.

## IV.

The old man mingles in the throng—  
He's known and loved of all ;  
They press to meet him with kind words,  
On this blithe festival.  
The widow's heart he's oft consoled,  
And dried the orphan's tears ;  
And many a poor man's load relieved  
In dark, depressing years.

## V.

“ A merry Christmas, sir ! ” say some,  
Forgetful of his state ;  
“ God bless you,” others, as around  
In meek respect they wait.  
Some strive to win a passing word  
As o'er the lawn they hie,  
Some strive to catch a passing glance  
Of his benignant eye.

## VI.

Cheer up, old man !—these humble ones  
Have loyal hearts and true,  
Within each grateful bosom beats  
A pulse of love for you ;  
And holy thoughts are quick'ning it  
Upon this holy morn ;  
Thoughts, hallowed by deep gratitude  
Unto the Virgin-born !

## VII.

Then, strong of heart and firm of limb,  
The old man went his way ;  
He went within the house of God  
And knelt him down to pray.  
He felt that God was with him there :—  
The everlasting arms,  
Were they not folded round his soul  
To shield from care and harms ?

## VIII.

Then ring again, ye Christmas bells !  
And thou, deep organ, sound !  
Angelic voices, soft and low,  
Seem floating all around.  
The Christmas morn is blest to him  
Mid solemn strains like these,  
And sad thoughts roll away, like leaves  
Before th' autumnal breeze.





## THE SIXTH PART.

HOW THE OLD MAN FOUND SOLACE IN CHURCH.

### I.

THE bells—the solemn Christmas bells,  
They're calling us to prayer !  
Voices of gathered worshippers  
Rise on the morning air.  
Anthems of highest praise there'll be,  
And glorious hymns to-day,  
TE DEUMS loud, and GLORIAS :  
Come to the church, and pray.

## II.

Enter!—"The woven boughs they wreath  
Through all the hallowed fane,  
And soft reviving odors breathe  
Of summer's gentle reign.  
And rich the ray of mild green light  
Which, like the emerald's glow,  
Comes struggling through the latticed height  
Upon the crowds below."\*

## III.

In surplice white the man of God  
Within the chancel stands,  
And there the marble altar gleams,  
Arrayed by holy hands.  
High o'er the chancel-niche, amidst  
Its drapery of green,  
The emblem of redeeming love,  
The holy cross, is seen.

\* Rev. William Croswell.

## IV.

There is the white baptismal font  
Close by the chancel-rail,  
And o'er it broods a single dove  
With wings outstretched and pale.  
And all around the chancel-steps  
Are children clothed in white,  
With grave but cheerful looks, and eyes  
Bright in their young delight.

## V.

With bended knee, and solemn prayer,  
They bow before the Lord ;  
In silence, deep and reverent,  
They hear the holy word.  
In pious, fervent litanies  
They supplicate His grace ;  
In deep thanksgivings they extol  
And celebrate His praise.

## VI.

Now loudly through the temple arch  
The old TE DEUM rolls ;—  
Now faint, yet clear, a plaintive strain  
Breathes peace to trusting souls.  
The joyful JUBILATE swells  
In strong, triumphant tone,  
And GLORIA PATRI gives the praise  
To God, the three in one.

## VII.

The prayers are said—the sermon o'er,  
A solemn silence reigns :  
How goldenly the noonday beams  
Stream through the pictured panes !  
Upon a kneeling throng, around  
The altar steps, they fall ;  
The aged man is kneeling there,  
His heart is grateful all.



## VIII.

The emblems of Christ's sacrifice  
Bless'd by the prayerful word,  
The body broken on the cross,  
The blood of his dear Lord,  
He eats—he drinks—his soul is strong,  
His conflicts, doubts are o'er;  
Trembling with hope he seeks his place,  
He weeps, he fears no more.

## IX.

Swell loud and high, ye hymns of praise!  
And thou, deep organ, sound!  
Angelic voices, with your strains  
Seem mingling all around.  
The Christmas morn is blest to him  
In services like these,  
And sad thoughts roll away, like leaves  
Before the vernal breeze.

## CONCLUSION.

## I.

The Christmas bells, the Christmas bells,  
How merrily they ring ;  
To weary hearts a pulse of joy,  
A kindlier life they bring.  
The silvery tones, o'er vale and hill  
Are swelling soft and clear,  
As, wave on wave, the tide of sound  
Fills the bright atmosphere.

## II.

The bells—the silvery Christmas bells,  
O'er many a mile they sound,  
And household tones are answering them  
In thousand homes around.  
Voices of children, blithe and shrill,  
With youth's strong accents blend,  
And manhood's deep and earnest tones  
With woman's praise ascend.

## III.

The bells—the bells—the Christmas bells,  
How merrily they ring ;  
As if they felt the joy they tell  
To every human thing.  
The rich man, in his mansion proud,  
The poor man in his cot,  
Hear the glad sound, and welcome it ;  
Each thankful for his lot.





## MOUNT SINAI.

This is the holy mountain ; and among all the stupendous works of nature, not a place could be selected more fitting for the exhibition of Almighty power.

STEPHENS' INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

STILL darkly glorious in thy solitude,  
Hoar sovereign of the desert ! thou dost stand,  
E'en as from time's first ages thou hast stood,  
Frowning in drear pomp o'er that blighted land.  
The storms of centuries around thy brow  
Have held wild revel, and the winds of heaven  
Wrestled in conflict : yet thou liftest now  
Thy giant head aloft, unwreck'd, unriven,  
As if, in mockery of nature's shocks,  
Eternity sat throned among thy hoary rocks.

How sternly desolate! the Deity  
Methinks has fixed upon that awful height  
His grandest signature of majesty,  
And chronicled his Godhead's changeless might :  
And as the tempest, in its lurid path,  
Sweeps over thee unheeded, we behold  
Fit emblem of that throne, which earthly wrath  
And change affect not, resting, as of old,  
Upon the strong foundations, truth sublime  
And wisdom infinite, and power unchanged by time.

Thine is a history which links in one  
The past and present of the human race,  
With the unbounded future. Time hath won  
No crown from thee ; oblivion cast no trace  
Of his blank triumph on thy calm, dark brow.  
A token and a promise of God's love  
In man's redemption, holy mount, hast thou  
Shed o'er thee as a presence from above ;  
Preserving, e'en mid nature's silent grave,  
Bright footsteps of His grace who spake to bless and  
save.

Still art thou holy. God's appointed throne,  
Where mortal man held audience with Him,  
Here, lightning-girt, his high pavilion shone,  
Here his own thunder rolled its awful hymn.  
Here, while unutterable awe did thrill  
The souls of Israel's breathless multitude,  
As if the heart of that great host grew still  
In one concentrated pulse ; the prophet stood  
Commissioned to receive the laws of heaven,  
For man's instruction, strength and guidance given.

What solemn shadowings of the future, rest  
Around thee, to the eye of faith, unsealed  
At heaven's unclouded fount of knowledge blest,  
Reading the *visible* by the *revealed* !  
Rising from off that wide and burning sea  
Of desolation, that around thee lies,  
It sees the time when earth itself shall be  
A scorched and blighted thing beneath the skies,  
And the wild flood of elemental fire  
Robe nature's mighty frame in one vast funeral pyre.

Blackness, and darkness, and the tempest's throes  
Affrighted thee of old ; the trumpet's sound  
Rang in thy clefts ; the voice of words arose  
Too awful for the ears of those around.  
To us, all glorious in celestial light,  
A grander vision dawns athwart thy gloom ;  
For not unto an earthly mount that might  
Be touch'd, or burn'd with fire, have we come,  
But to mount Sion, which for aye shall be,  
Our joyful steps are turned, great antityped of thee.\*

A type art thou of that blest mount of God,  
Which shadow'd by th' excess of heaven's full day,  
Fast by the eternal throne is fixed, and trod  
By seraphs and archangels, in the ray  
Of their own love most bright ; the company  
Of cherubim, most beauteous in the glow  
Of intellect and stainless loyalty,  
With the redeem'd of earth, whose praises flow  
Commingle with the anthem peal, that rings  
From myriad golden harps, before the King of kings.

\* Hebrews 12 : 18, 23.

O holy, holy, holy God most high !

When, in our blindness and our helplessness,  
We fail to see our home beyond the sky,

And faint within this earthly wilderness ;  
Send down thy Spirit—touch the dead, cold heart

With living fire—purge the clouded sight,  
Strength to the trembling pilgrim soon impart,

And gild our pathway with celestial light ;  
So shall we tread in faith the desert here,  
And on the eternal mount redeem'd at last appear.







## THE BISHOP AT REST.

“Bishop Jolly died in his chamber, at night and alone. He was found by his attendants in the morning, with his ‘decent limbs composed’ for the sepulchre, his arms crossed upon his breast, and his favorite book, ‘Disce Mori,’ open in his hands.”

THE taper’s light burns dim  
Within that chamber lone,  
And the hoarse night-wind by the casement sweeps  
With a dull and dirge-like moan,  
And duly the clock’s deep tones are heard  
As the weary hours pass on.

Upon his bed of death,  
That good old man doth lie ;  
His gentle brow, all calm and clear,  
Turned to the midnight sky;  
Unchanged in all, save the glassy film  
Of death, on his half-closed eye.

He seemeth but to sleep,  
Awaiting day's return ;—  
Shall he not wake when that taper's light,  
At dawn, shall cease to burn ?  
He sleeps indeed :—but he shall not wake  
Till the resurrection morn.

An oft-read volume lies  
Unclasped upon his breast,  
Solace of pain through the weary days  
Attendant of his rest :  
That holy book he shall read no more,  
For “ the dead in the Lord are blest.”

In the lone and silent hours  
His spirit left the clay—  
No earthly eye was here to mark  
When the bonds of flesh gave way ;  
No eye but His, who ceaseth not  
To watch his saints alway.

Bravely, we think, he died—

For a blessed sign he made ;

He thought of the cross in his mortal hour,

For, mark ! how his arms are laid :—

If the Holy Jesus shielded him,

Think ye he was afraid ?

Bravely, we think, he passed

Through grim death's gloomy sea,

For an angel's smile is on his lip,

As bright as smile can be ;

And his brow seems yet lit up with hope,

O how triumphantly !

Old soldier, rest thee well !

The battle strife is past :

Good Bishop !—precious souls of men,

As thy reward, thou hast :

Servant of God ! with thee, in bliss,

May we all meet at last !



## THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Manfully contend for her, because she is the church, a true church, a pure church, a holy church.

DR. HOOK.

THE ancient Church of England!  
How gloriously she stands,  
Midst persecution's fierce assaults,  
And error's leaguered bands!  
A calm, undaunted front she wears,  
Of confidence and strength,  
Unmoved, though trouble's darkest hour  
Seems threat'ning her at length.

The pure old Church of England !  
Christ's true, unsullied spouse,  
Time-honored witness of the truth,  
Shrine of unbroken vows !  
Blest with the holiest memories  
Of valiant men of God,  
And martyred ones who honored her  
With sufferings and blood.



The brave old Church of England !  
Strong champion of the Lord,  
For ages wielding valiantly  
The Spirit's two-edged sword !  
Ever the foremost in the fight,  
And latest in the field,  
Contending nobly for the faith  
She would not lose nor yield.

The free old Church of England!  
That scorned the papal sway,  
And cast off Rome's supremacy  
In Rome's most haughty day;  
That firmly stood when error rolled  
Its myriad waves around,  
Where Christ had founded her at first,  
On truth's unchanging ground.



The good old Church of England!  
Within whose cloistered halls  
So many gifted men have wrought  
In learning's sacred toils—  
O, how shall Christendom repay  
The debt it owes, through them,  
Who kept the faith, and guarded well  
Truth's heavenly, priceless gem?

The holy Church of England !  
Holy in name and deed !  
High gratitude we owe to her,  
And honor's purest meed ;  
In doctrine, rule and ordinance,  
With holiness imbued,  
And with the Spirit's seven-fold gifts  
Of grace and strength endued.



The suffering Church of England !  
The wronged and deeply tried ;  
The fierce opposer seeks her fall,  
The scoffer mocks her pride ;  
The infidel insults her zeal,  
Her patience, truth, and love—  
Send down, O God ! thine aiding grace  
Upon her from above.

God bless the Church of England !  
God help her, and defend !  
And yet, from all her altars pure  
May joyous songs ascend !  
High anthems of deliverance,  
Thanksgivings of meek praise,  
For safety from the wicked ones,  
And strength midst evil days.







HYMN OF CHRIST'S ADVENT.

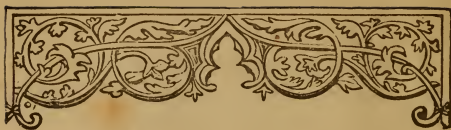
HE comes ! angelic messengers,  
Bright heralds, o'er his way have trod,  
Yet no glad voice of welcome stirs  
Within the earthly courts of God.  
He comes ! the veil of prophecy,  
Long trembling in the breath of time,  
Is lifted up, and gloriously  
The light of heavenly truth sublime  
Upon the expectant earth is poured ;  
Sion ! Behold thy Saviour Lord.

He comes ! the sacrificial fire  
Upon the altar dies away ;  
The shadows of the law retire  
Before the Gospel's dawning ray.  
He comes ! the Baptist's warning voice  
Sounds in Judea's wilderness,  
And faithful men of God rejoice  
To bless the infant Prince of Peace ;  
The Godhead comes with man to dwell :  
Where are thy greetings, Israel ?

He comes ! enthroned upon her hills,  
And calm in her resistless power,  
Old Rome her ordered task fulfils  
For the Messiah's promised hour :—  
From Britain's isle to where the sea  
Rolls 'neath the distant orient,  
Her eagles soar triumphantly,  
Her conquering voice, like light, is sent ;  
The nations, tranquil 'neath her sway,  
Await the dawn of Gospel day.

He comes ! from age to age, through all  
The wrecks of earthly pomp and pride,  
Mid haughty empires' rise and fall—  
By hell opposed—by man defied—  
His kingdom still hath spread, his name  
Hath been proclaimed on every shore,  
And still shall spread, in holy fame,  
Till earth and time shall be no more ;  
And mighty realms, to Rome unknown,  
Shall all his glorious empire own.

With humble brow, and bended knee,  
And hearts attuned to holiest praise,  
May we await and welcome thee,  
Ancient of everlasting days !  
Redeemer ! in our souls prepare  
Thy temple—rear thy gracious throne,  
To rule in blessed influence there,  
Sacred to thee, Great God, alone ;  
So, when thou com'st in glory, we  
Among thy chosen ones may be.



## EPIPHANY.

"We have seen his star in the East."

### I.

IN heaven's blue depths, afar,  
It burns, all radiant and serene,  
Mid sphered moon and star,  
Suspended there since time hath been ;  
Full orb'd and glorious it arose  
Among those congregated spheres,  
Ordained to mark the dawn and close  
Of days, and months, and circling years.

## II.

What hand divine hath placed  
This new and stranger star on high ?  
What mighty finger traced  
Its kindling path along the sky ?  
Those strong and ancient orbs roll on,  
Brilliant and silent, as of old,  
When their wide courses were begun,  
And God their myriad number told.

## III.

Among their host this shines  
With a serene and golden gleam,  
Darting its trembling lines  
Athwart the moonlight's silver stream ;  
A deep and solemn lustre shed  
Upon the azure over head ;  
A tremulous and tender glow .  
Upon the sleeping earth below.

## IV.

Sages its rising hail

With gladness from their distant hills,  
Where stars beam wan and pale

O'er Araby's bleak plains and rills ;  
Joyful they mark the hope of day  
For moral night, in every ray,  
And truth, from heaven's eternal springs,  
Borne out on mercy's golden wings.

## V.

Behold them on their way !

Girded they tread the burning sands,  
Braving the fervid day,

And the wild desert's lawless bands ;  
The weary leagues all patiently

In long and painful travel pass'd,  
The mountain scaled, and cross'd the sea,  
And their far bourne is gained at last.

## VI.

Adoringly they bow  
Before the lowly infant there ;  
And gifts are proffer'd now,  
With worship meet, and votive prayer,  
Gold, royally and richly wrought  
'Neath Southern India's ardent sun ;  
And costly myrrh from Saba brought,  
And frankincense from Lebanon.

## VII.

In him they hail the child  
Promised from ancient days to man ;  
Shiloh ! whose glory mild  
Along the night of ages ran ;  
Whose glorious report was heard  
And seen in type and prophecy :  
When nature's fainting heart was stirred  
With hope of rescue from on high.

## VIII.

Deliverer and King !

Whose star and sceptre kindling rolled  
In vivid picturing,

Before the Gentile seer of old ;  
His dawning light o'er earth is poured  
As sunshine from the glance of morn :  
The angel messenger adored !

The uncreated Word is born !

## IX.

And oh ! the *star* that went

Before the sages' path sublime,  
Up the far orient,

Higher and brighter yet shall climb,  
And nations, sitting in the dust  
And gloom of sin, shall lift their eyes,  
And fixing there their only trust,  
Be led in mercy to the skies.



## X.

O'er every work of sin  
The SAVIOUR's kingdom shall prevail ;  
The Gentiles shall come in,  
From isle, and sea, and plain, and vale ;  
And Israel's sons from stranger lands  
Again shall throng their ancient seat,  
To God lift up their holy hands,  
And worship at MESSIAH's feet.

## XI.

Oh ! may *we* welcome him  
With holy joy and praise sincere,  
Meek prayer, and fervent hymn,  
Firm faith, and love's repenting tear !  
And may our hearts be gladly strown—  
Fit offerings—in his blessed path ;  
And may we live as "*not our own*,"  
But saved, redeemed, by him from wrath.



MISSIONARY HYMN.

“ YE Christian heroes ! go, proclaim  
Salvation in Immanuel's name ;  
To distant climes the tidings bear,  
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.”

Go, girded with Jehovah's might,  
And, cheered by faith's unclouded light,  
Fervent and bold, to sound abroad  
The glorious Jubilee of God.

Go preach the Gospel, where no word  
Of pard'ning love hath e'er been heard :  
On Afric's shore, by China's sea,  
On plains of Ind and Araby.

Where superstition reigns in fear,  
Salvation's golden banner rear ;  
In realms for ages cursed with sin,  
Trophies of endless glory win.

Valiant with courage from above,  
And strong in faith—which works by love,  
Let meekness your protection be,  
Till conflict ends in victory.

Patient and fearless, in the hour  
When wo and trial round you lower,  
Regard not earthly shame or loss,  
But cling undaunted to the cross.

Press on to glory, men of God !  
By the same path your Saviour trod,  
Until your work, like his, be done,  
And life and victor-crowns are won.



## DIRGE OF THE FLOWERS.

“ All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: surely the people is grass.”—Isaiah 40: 6.

PALE, lingering flowers of the dying year,  
Why, drooping sad, o'er autumn's yellow bier,  
Do ye prolong your stay ?  
When the rich glory o'er the meadows cast,  
And voices sweet of summer birds, have past  
Sadly away.

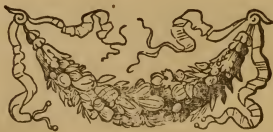
At eve, the perfumed zephyr softly sung  
His low, departing anthem where ye hung,  
    Sweet tokens of the spring!  
Mid wreaths of dew, like those a fairy weaves,  
Upon the closing petals and the leaves  
    Bright clustering.

At morning's hour, all curtained o'er with green,  
Ye dimly lay the whispering leaves between,  
    Like bright eyes robed in sleep,  
And as ye opened to the summer air,  
There faintly rose a sound of gladness there,  
    Holy and deep.

But now the autumn wind sighs o'er your heads,  
And the cold moon, from yon blue heaven, sheds  
    Her silver dew-drops there ;  
And mournfully, like music o'er the sea,  
Your last and dying fragrance comes to me  
    Through the chill air.

Darkly ye fade from pleasant streams and woods !  
Around your wonted haunts, in coldness, broods  
    The spirit of decay :  
On the waste places of this clouded earth  
We're left to mourn your loveliness and mirth,  
    Gathered away.

Ye are the types of all that man deems bright,  
Like you his earth-born pleasures bloom in light,  
    Like you they quickly fly ;  
And leave the breaking heart to cling again,  
With a fond yearning, passionate as vain,  
    To things that die.





### THE SPIRIT'S DESTINY.\*

THE summer moon, sweet regent of the night,  
Has measured half her radiant course on high :—  
And lo ! how beautiful in cloudless light

The morning star shines from the distant sky :  
Night's countless orbs, successive in thy train,  
Mild, lovely planet ! clustering, come and go,  
As if to minister to thy bright reign,

Mingling their feebler lustre with the glow  
Of richest light, which thou dost send afar  
Through the blue heaven :—hail to thee, sweet star !

\* Suggested by the sudden decease of Mrs. Catharine Morris, wife of A. H. Stevens, M. D., of New-York.

I saw thee, months ago, as now, serene  
Amid the host of stars that round thee burn,  
With sad and tearful eye, for I had been  
Within the house of death with those that mourn.  
A noble spirit had been called away ;  
And when the sunset lay with golden spell  
On the soft landscape, we consigned the clay  
To its cold chamber, while the village knell  
Tolled out its last sounds, mournful, deep, and slow,  
Interpreting the heart's unspoken wo.

And when the night to that harassing day  
Succeeded with its silence and sweet rest,  
I sadly marked thy clear, unclouded ray,  
As some fair gleam from regions of the blest.  
I saw thee, and I wept ; but those were tears  
Not of a sorrow without hope. A soul,  
Whose light more lovely in successive years  
Shone on our path, had reached its glorious goal ;  
Like thee through earth's brief night, its course had  
given  
Gleams of the pure and perfect day of heaven.



Thou hast a home, sweet star!—yon fields of blue  
Are thy primeval heritage ;—thy way,  
Circled around th' invisible throne, is true,  
Distinct, and bright. Alike by night and day  
Thou dost fulfil thy glorious destiny,  
And with the morning stars, and with the train  
Of solemn evening, it is thine to be  
For ever hymning, in thy choral strain,  
The praise of Him, who erst thy measures told  
Through ancient night, and lit thy flame of old.

Of this material universe of God

A bright inhabitant,—thou still shalt hold  
The same celestial path which thou hast trod  
For centuries unchronicled of old.

Through coming years thy mystic orb shall shine  
With light unquench'd, till yon blue vault of  
heaven,

By the all-powerful word and hand divine

Deep moved, from its foundations shall be riven,  
And sun and star, lights of a perished world,  
From their high thrones to darkness shall be hurled.

Thou with thy sister orbs, first-born of time,  
With time shalt cease to be. A bound is set  
To that unwearied course and watch sublime  
Which in yon firmament thou holdest yet.  
All this material must fade away  
To nothingness and gloom :—but shall there rise  
No lovelier creation, whose full day  
Shall be as God's, eternal ?—whose young skies  
Shall brighten with new lights as fair as thine,  
Whose goings forth shall be unchanging and di-  
vine ?

And this immortal part—this deathless gift  
Of high intelligence,—the living soul,—  
Unconquered e'en in death, whose thoughts are  
swift  
To soar beyond yon heaven's farthest goal—  
Where, mid the wide unmeasured fields of space,  
Shall be its habitation and its rest ?  
Is there for it no glorious resting-place,  
No region of calm life, where all is blest ?  
Rejoice, O spirit ! in thy strength rejoice,  
Thy hopes are all confirmed by heaven's assuring  
voice.

From the wild ruin of this earthly scene,  
The wreck and drear decay of things that be,  
A brighter, purer world shall rise serene,  
The noblest handiwork of DEITY.  
Radiant and beautiful around his throne,  
Fair fields of light, by shining legions trod,  
Shall brighten still, in that celestial zone,  
Whose brightness is the unclouded smile of God.  
There shall the spirit find its own high bourne,  
Dwelling in bliss, progressive still without return.

Above the aspects and the destiny  
Of this creation, is the spirit's range ;  
It has a home beyond the things that be,  
Above all suffering and mortal change,  
Like those pure orbs that, all untended there,  
Light up on high their " old unfailing fires ;"—  
Above the atmosphere of sin and care  
It sendeth forth its boundless, bright desires :  
Unlike those orbs, it shall not fail nor fade,  
But o'er their wrecks survive, undimmed and unde-  
cayed.

High lessons such as these in times of eld  
The meek Chaldean read in heaven's bright face ;  
Such lessons, too, they pondered well who held  
On mount and silent plain their dwelling-place,  
O'er whose lone vigil, faint, but radiant gleams  
Of man's immortal destiny arose,  
Shedding celestial light on earthly dreams,  
And hope's sweet ray, thro' night of mortal woes,  
Quick'ning the spirit, by that converse high,  
With thoughts of purer life, and joys that cannot die.

Lessons like these, in groves of Academe,  
He of the God-like thought and soul divine,\*  
Learned in his midnight toil, what time his theme  
Dwelt on the glories of the mystic Trine,  
Creative Deity, by whose command  
The starry universe in light upsprung,  
And myriad orbs, all radiant from His hand,  
Upon their ancient courses first were flung:  
He felt his mind's true destiny, amazed,  
Yet claiming empire o'er the pomp on which he  
gazed.

\* Plato.

'Neath the soft glow of the Italian skies,  
With tranquil Hesper watching out the night,  
Or at eve's dewy close, or morning's rise,  
Rome's gifted son, with new and strange delight  
Nursed such aspirings in his awe-struck soul,  
And clothed the burden of his eloquent thought  
In words that cannot die :—" When the dim goal  
Of this mortality is passed, the spirit, wrought  
Of deathless elements, shall join the throng  
Of spirits freed from earth, to whom no earthly taints  
belong."\*

In deepest contemplation, and the toil  
Of strong unfettered thought, the human mind  
Thus won, by reason's aid, this noblest spoil  
To gild the track which else were dark and blind.  
But to these masters of the ancient lore  
No heavenly voice had spoken, no sure ray  
Had dawned upon their dreams—their musings bore  
Traces but faint of truth's full, perfect day,  
And man, left groping still in wo and gloom,  
Pursued his dark and cheerless way in sorrow to  
the tomb.

\* Delightful hour, when I shall journey towards that divine assemblage of spirits, and depart from this crowd of polluted things !"—*Cicero De Senectute*, 85.

Then dawned the Gospel morn. A voice was heard  
Proclaiming life and joy beyond the grave ;  
Deeply the yearning heart of nature stirred,  
And to that voice a joyous answer gave.  
Triumphant over death, and decked with spoils  
Won from the vanquished foe, the Saviour rose,  
Bright with the fruits of his redeeming toils,  
Unbarr'd the gates of life, no more to close ;  
Confirmed the hope that dawned through reason's  
night,  
And thus brought life and immortality to light.

In him behold our life—our hope of all  
That makes the Christian's death-bed calm and  
sweet ;  
Through him he joyous hears the tyrant's call,  
Joyous departs, his just award to meet ;  
Through faith in him he looks with peaceful smile  
Upon the darkling vale which he must tread ;  
The promises his sternest pangs beguile,  
And o'er his darkest hour their lustre shed ;  
Quickened by him—the mortal conflict passed—  
He rises, robed with holiness, to his reward at last.

What is it then to die ? This changing earth,  
With all her vaunted riches, treasures up  
No spiritual wealth of lasting worth,  
No deathless charm within her pleasure's cup.  
E'en were her gifts immortal as the mind  
That, still unsatisfied, seeks nobler joys  
Than those she gives, who would consent to bind  
Its gloricus faculties to such vain toys,  
Wasting for aye the spirit's wealth on dross,  
Neglecting heavenly gain for earthly shame and loss?

What is it then to die ? The gate of death  
Is made all glorious with the light of life,  
Immortal and serene ; and sorrow's breath,  
That mournful rose mid scenes of care and strife,  
Is lost in angel tones of happiness ;  
"Beauty for ashes" shall the soul receive,  
The oil of joy for wo,—for heaviness  
The shining robes of praise. The tomb shall leave  
No taint of sin, or weakness, and the flow  
Of heaven's unceasing joys from them no check  
shall know.



Mourn not the dead in Christ ! The grave may close  
On forms that o'er our path were wont to keep  
Familiar guardianship, and death's repose  
May settle o'er bright features stern and deep ;  
The gentle ministries of love may cease  
With the departed ones, and the wrung heart  
Faint with the loss, and find no gift of peace,  
Save in the drear calm its own woes impart :  
And life, all veiled in sadness, may present  
No scene with future joy or comfort blent.

Yet, in the gloom of sorrow there arise  
Beauteous revealings of that purer sphere  
In which the spirit's light, that to our eyes  
Is all eclipsed, shines on serene and clear,  
As oft, within the summer morning sky  
Thy silver brightness seems, most lovely star,  
To melt within the flood of light on high,  
Which the glad sun pours through its depths afar ;  
Like thee, though hid from our o'erclouded sight,  
The soul yet brightens on in heaven's unsullied  
light.



A denizen of that blest mount of God

Which, shadowed by th' excess of His full day,  
Fast by the eternal throne is fixed, and trod

By seraphs and archangels, in the ray  
Of their own love most bright, the company

Of cherubim most beauteous in the glow  
Of intellect and stainless loyalty,

With the redeemed of earth, whose praises flow  
Commingle with the anthem peal that rings  
From myriad golden harps before the King of kings.

Departed friend ! we mourn, but not for thee ;

Thy portion, in that radiant dwelling-place  
Of satisfying joys, shall ever be

Bright with the fulness of the Saviour's grace.

A harp and crown are thine—among the throng

Of glorious ones, to mingle ceaseless tones

Of grateful praise with the angelic song,

To sit with Christ upon celestial thrones,

To tread with the redeemed those shining fields,

And quaff that living stream which endless pleasure  
yields.

We mourn, but not for thee ! for well we know,  
Ours is the loss, thine the eternal gain ;  
To this cold world of suffering and wo,  
Of fickle pleasure and recurring pain,  
We would not now recall thee. May we live  
As thou hast lived, and die as thou didst die,  
Strong in the faith which none but Christ can give,  
Ardent with hope to reach our home on high.





## TWILIGHT CONTEMPLATION.

SWEET, silent hour, for meditation given,  
And holy thought!—We mark thy silver steps  
Steal, tremulous, upon the verge of heaven,  
Where the rich glow of the descended sun  
Yet lingers, tinging the dispersing clouds  
With softest golden light. As yet, thy hues  
Are mingled with the sunset, scarce perceived  
Amid the brilliant streams that minister  
To her full depth of splendor;—yet we feel  
Thy breath around us, and thy promised boon  
In balmy winds that from th' illumined west  
Come laden with a blessing, and soft dews  
That wait around thy coming, and prepare  
The earth for thine approach. Sweet, silent hour!  
We welcome thee; and may our evening song  
Flow on in calm and grateful harmony  
With thee and thy pervading influence.

Lo ! on the far verge of the firmament,  
Where, with majestic sweep, its depth of blue  
Bends o'er the northwest horizon, a star  
Hath just arisen. Now tremulous and pale,  
It seems to float, uncertain of its track,  
In the soft atmosphere, yet gaining strength  
And beauty, as the sunset glories melt  
Gradual, in rarest beauty from the sky,  
It soon shall shine, all lovely in the train  
Of the bright summer moon, and take its place  
First in the fresh radiant troop that haste to greet  
The joyous dawn, and brightly disappear  
In the fresh splendor of the sovereign sun.  
Through the still night that lovely star shall hold  
Bright watch among the sabaoth of heaven ;  
And when its peaceful lustre, high and clear,  
Burns in the zenith and descends again  
From the meridian, it still shall beam  
With an increasing light and loveliness,  
Till, lost within that glorious fount of light  
From which its own pure spring is fed, it fades  
In beauty from our rapt, admiring gaze.

So when the Christian spirit, which receives  
Light, strength, and beauty, from the orb of truth  
That shines, unclouded, in the Gospel sphere,  
First dawns to its high birth, its rays are faint,  
Trembling, and unconfirmed; soon grace renewed  
Gives power to its weakness, and confirms  
Faith's trembling ray with clearest light of heaven,  
And hope's effulgence. Higher, lovelier,  
It rises in its heavenward course. Fresh beams  
Cluster around it; ever brightening on  
In moral light, in all that can impart  
Lustre to virtue, eloquence to truth;  
Rich in example, motive, object, end,  
It holds its way through this brief night of time,  
Prophetic of its perfect day in heaven.





ST. PAUL AT ATHENS.

MORN on the blue Ægean!—lo, afar  
O'er its wide waters hangs the last faint star,  
Gleaming through fading mists of purple, rolled  
Along the dim horizon, edged with gold.  
Bright bark, like spirits of that lovely sea,  
Upon its waveless breast sleep tranquilly,  
Peaceful and silent all ; save when the oar  
Of some lone fisherman along the shore,  
Dips in the shining waters, or the gale  
Of morning slow distends the heavy sail.

Morning on queenly Athens!—and each height,  
Bathed in the splendor of the dawning light,  
Bursts with its glorious temples on the eye,  
And sculptured columns, gleaming to the sky.  
Like some proud conqueror, advancing on  
O'er realms subdued and empires brightly won,  
From the blue east the sun in glory rose  
Waking the wide world from its brief repose,  
And soft o'er grove, and height, and fountain, threw  
The greeting splendor of his matin hue;  
And as the beam first fell upon the wave,  
The laughing tide a sound of music gave,  
And waving woods sent forth their whispered mirth  
Like tones from seraph voices, o'er the earth.

Lo! through the marble streets the varied throng  
Of Athens' proudest children sweeps along:  
The kingly senator, with measured stride,  
The haughty soldier, with his brow of pride,  
The sage, upon whose kindling glances roll  
Eloquent tokens of the aspiring soul,



The bard, enwapt in visions sweet and high,  
Song in his heart and glory in his eye,  
The blushing virgin, matron stern and grave,  
Sophist and orator, artisan and slave ;  
The idle multitude, with hurrying feet,  
All wander forth the opening morn to greet,  
And offer up at an unhallowed shrine  
Worship to gods they vainly deem divine.

Alone, unhonored, poor in wealth and fame,  
To the proud city the apostle came ;  
Nerved with unwavering trust and quenchless faith,  
That faltered not at danger, shame, or death,  
He still bore onward in his high career,  
Stranger to human pride and human fear.  
At Antioch, on shores of Macedon,  
In bounds of Thessaly and Lycaone,  
In Syria, where fair Damascus held  
Her sway luxuriant, renowned from eld,  
In many a realm of that broad orient clime,  
His faithful lips had preached the word sublime.

He stood in Athens, once the proud and free,  
City of wisdom, arts, and liberty ;



Upon the hill of Mars, where round him shone  
The boasted pomp of glorious ages gone,  
Amid the monuments of taste and art,  
He stood communing with his swelling heart.  
Before his eye a gorgeous prospect lay,  
Rich with the glory of the dawning day ;  
Afar, Hymettas rear'd his purple head,  
Gemm'd with the brightness that the dew had shed,  
And flowers waving to the rosy air,  
Diffused a sweet and grateful freshness there ;  
And silvery streams, immortalized in song,  
Bounded in light, their verdant banks along,  
While faint, like night-winds sighing through the  
glade,  
Was heard the music that the ocean made.  
Brightly from plain and wood-encircled fount,  
From fabled dell, and cliff, and laurell'd mount,  
From forests sacred to the gods of old,  
Where fairest flowers their starry robes unfold,  
The bright creations of the sculptor's hand  
Sprang up, like visions from a fairy land,  
And made the wondrous scene they shadowed forth  
A beauty and a marvel to the earth.

What were his thoughts ? Did not his breast inflame  
With eagle dreams of science and of fame ?  
Did not a smothered longing struggle there  
For things his creed forbade him now to share ?  
The exalted lore, by master spirits wrought  
In the dim chambers of their voiceless thought—  
The burning fancies, breathless and intense,  
Which the song wakens with its eloquence—  
The witching smile of beauty, and the looks  
Of earnest love like moonlight over brooks,—  
All that earth numbers as its chosen things,  
And all to which the earthly spirit clings :  
Were these the objects of his spirit's strife,  
The guiding stars that swayed his very life ?  
No ! holier thoughts possess his bosom now,  
And trace their record on his humble brow ;  
He wept—and why ? Behold yon restless throng,  
For ever nursing, as they pass along,  
Unworthy hopes, aspirings dark and vain,  
And thoughts held down by error's clinging chain.  
The voice that stirred within him was obeyed,  
He spake his mission, firm and undismayed ;  
Not all unheard, although the sinful crowd  
Reviled his faith with taunt and jeering loud,

And looked on him as one whose brain did teem  
With the wild fancies of an idle dream.  
Not all unheard ; but few, alas ! were they  
Who heard the holy mandate to obey ;  
The man of learning stood in proud disdain,  
Then turned him to his cherished lore again,  
In the vain hope to read, with blinded eyes,  
The mind of God, the wisdom of the skies.

The bard sat listening, till there shone a gleam  
Of purer light along his soul's vague dream ;  
Then turned he too, and idly sought to bring  
Light from on high upon a fettered wing,  
Kindling his spirit at an earthly shrine  
That should have burned with nought but fire  
divine.

And thus were all—the mighty and the low—  
All sought, but idly sought, the truth to know ;  
But few were willing to endure the strife,  
The girded warfare of the Christian life.

Ages have passed ! The ceaseless stream of time  
Rolls on, with all its glory and its crime,

But where is Athens ? Ask the Paynim slave  
That treads all tearless on her hallowed grave ;  
Invoke the spirits of the past, and shed  
The voice of your strong bidding on the dead.  
Lo ! from a thousand crumbling tombs they rise,  
The great of old, the powerful, the wise ;  
And a sad tale, which none but they can tell,  
Falls on the mournful silence like a knell.  
Then mark yon lonely pilgrim bend to weep  
Above the shrine where genius lies in sleep.  
And is this all ? alas ! we turn in vain,  
And, turning, meet the selfsame waste again,  
The same drear wilderness of cold decay ;  
Its former pride, the phantom of a day—  
Like songs of summer birds within a bower—  
A dream of beauty traced upon a flower—  
A lute, whose master chord hath ceased to sound—  
A morning star, struck darkling to the ground.

And such is Athens—such is Greece, and such  
The glorious land Minerva loved so much :  
By mount and stream, by cliff and storied wave,  
Nought now remains but tokens of her grave,

Save the immortal names that cannot die,  
Bright as her clime, and fadeless as her sky.  
Yet that scorned word the Apostle preached of  
yore,  
Has dawned on every land, and gilded every shore,  
And still shall live, imparting hope sublime,  
A beacon-light along the waves of time.





TO THE STARS.

WHITHER, lovely orbs of night,  
Do ye hold your radiant flight ?  
Sweeping through the azure sky,  
Beautiful, unchangingly !

Beautiful ye are, and mild,  
Like the fair brow of a child,—  
Or the light that melteth through  
Woman's gentle eye of blue ;  
Or a dream of youth, when care  
Stings the bosom with despair ;  
Such are ye, O stars of night !  
Burning with a holy light,

Ever—ever mild and calm,  
Like the shadow of a palm  
On the desert's burning sea,  
Bringing hope of rest to be.

Glorious sabaoth of even,  
Keeping silent watch in heaven!  
When the twilight, bright and still,  
Gathers round the distant hill,  
And the sweet breath of the flowers  
Flings faint incense to the hours;  
Ye, from out yon azure dome,  
Like bright dreams of bliss to come,  
Scatter o'er this weary earth  
Feelings of a heavenly birth.

Beacon lights of changing Time,  
Quenchless—glorious—sublime—  
When this earthly scene shall fade  
At the frown of Him who made;  
When the giant hills that rise,  
Unbowed beneath the sounding skies—  
And the deep and wrathful sea  
From its ancient bounds shall flee—



Ye o'er all the wreck shall shine,  
Lit with radiance divine.

Where, at last, mid realms of space,  
Shall *ye* find a resting place ?  
Where but round the throne of Him  
In whose presence suns are dim,  
Maker of the things that be,  
Habiting Eternity !

Lord of life and light ! we bow  
In the dust our humbled brow ;  
Now in this our earthly hour,  
May we feel thy grace and power !  
Pilgrims to a heavenly shrine,  
Touch our hearts with flame divine ;  
Then when earth shall pass away  
As a dream at dawn of day,  
We, like stars around thy throne,  
Robed with glory all thine own,  
Shall, through never-ending years,  
Shine undimm'd by sin and tears,  
Glorious with thy saints in bliss,  
Beautiful in holiness.

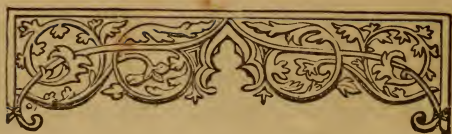




SUNBEAMS IN MARCH.

No leaf is on the tree,  
No wild-flower in the vale,  
And the willow boughs swing silently,  
In the strong and chill March gale :  
But the merry beams of the vernal sun  
Come down from the bright blue heaven,  
And the green grass-blades, O, one by one,  
To the light and breeze they're given.

The summer sun is bright,  
The summer beams are strong,  
But I love, O I love his earliest light,  
The rays that to March belong :  
Though April hath warmer smiles than March,  
And May hath more brilliant sheen,  
I love the fresh hues of yon glorious arch,  
The light gray clouds between.



THE FIRST BIRDS IN LENT.

O, your earliest notes are the sweetest yet,  
Birds of the early spring !  
Before the first flower's gem is set,  
In the green glade's fairy ring ;  
Your earliest notes are the sweetest yet,  
Though they sound from dead, cold woods ;  
Ere April's verdant coronet  
Makes bright their solitudes.

'Tis a brilliant day in the Lenten time,  
A Sabbath festival !  
The city bells, with their varied chime,  
Soft in the distance swell.  
Mid the sound of the gathering worshippers,  
As they wend to the house of prayer,  
A silvery strain from yon maple, stirs  
The depths of the bright cool air.

O, hear ye it not, mid the pause and fall  
Of the deep organ's notes ?  
That silvery strain—yes, I know it all !—  
O'er the very aisles it floats.  
'Tis mingling now with the Gloria,  
Now with 'Te Deum swells,  
Music too blithe for a Lenten day,  
But of Easter-time it tells.

Sweet strain! art thou not like the tender gleams  
Which holy church reveals,  
Mid gloom of Lenten prayers and hymns,  
And solemn music peals?  
Tender with promise of joy to be  
When the Easter morn shall break,  
And the church, in the smile of her risen Lord,  
From the night of tears shall wake.

Yes, your earliest notes are the sweetest yet,  
Birds of the early spring!  
Like the light which breaks on the eye that's wet  
With the tears that long woes bring—  
Like rays from the cross and the throne in heaven,  
That o'er Lent vigils shine;  
Glimpses of Christ midst fastings given,  
Transient, but all divine.



### THE OLD ELM-TREE.

THE old elm-tree is standing yet,  
He's grown both broad and tall,  
His roots in the earth are firmly set,  
Beside the church-yard wall.  
A lowly mound beneath him lies,  
And the grass is green thereon—  
'Tis wet by the rain from the blessed skies,  
And warmed by the blessed sun.  
O, the old elm-tree, the old elm-tree,  
That stands by the church-yard wall,  
No forest-elm more strong than he,  
No forest-elm more tall.

The old elm-tree is standing yet  
O'er a good man's place of rest,  
The tree was his, for he planted it,  
And he loved it aye the best ;  
He was wont to sit in its pleasant shade,  
When the summer sun was high ;  
And his quiet study there was made,  
When burned the autumn sky.  
O, the old elm-tree, &c.

The old elm-tree is standing yet,  
His boughs are now all bare,  
But a few bright weeks of spring will set  
Greenness and beauty there ;  
O yes ; and o'er that good man's grave  
The leaves shall cluster then,  
And birds shall sing and branches wave  
Right merrily agen.  
O, the old elm-tree, &c.

The old elm-tree is standing yet,  
But the good old man is gone :  
Gramercy, sirs!—but my eye is wet  
With thinking thereupon.  
We see him not in the warden's pew,  
Beside the chancel-door ;  
And his full *response*, so prompt and true,  
We shall hear that voice no more.  
O, the old elm-tree, &c.

The old elm-tree is standing yet ;  
Beside the church he loved ;  
But *he*, in the Lord's own garden's set,  
A true branch well approved ;  
Like yon old elm, he withstood the storm,  
And flourish'd well for years,  
He's gone where sin hath no blast to harm,  
Where life hath no blight nor tears.  
O, the old elm-tree, &c.

The old elm-tree is standing yet  
Beside the church-yard wall,  
But the good churchman that planted it  
His place is vacant all.  
But weep not, friends! he's gone to heaven,  
To heavenly praise from prayer;  
Te Deum Laudamus! to us be given  
To meet the old man there.  
O, the old elm-tree, the old elm-trée,  
That stands by the church-yard wall,  
No forest elm more strong than he,  
No forest elm more tall.







THE EARLY DEAD.

ADDRESSED TO A BROTHER IN AFFLICTION.

Oro supplex et acclinis  
Cor contritum quasi cinis  
Gere curam mei finis.

THERE's a sound of mourning, brother,  
Where sweet peace was wont to reign;  
*One* was called, and then *another*,  
Death came once, and came again;  
Sadly, in the dreamless slumber  
Of the quiet grave they fell;  
Darkly, with the countless number  
Of the early dead they dwell.

We have sorrow'd with thee, brother !  
For the loved—the lost—the dead ;  
It is well, we would not smother  
Grief so pure, so hallowed ;  
It is good to weep when sadness  
Brings its own most precious balm ;—  
Grief resigned, and tearful gladness,  
Hope midst mourning, bright and calm.

They are gone to heaven, brother !—  
Christian father, dry your tears ;  
They were Christ's, O Christian mother !  
Christ's alone from earliest years ;—  
His, by word and sign baptismal,  
His by grace in baptism given !  
From earth's deserts cold and dismal  
He has taken them to heaven.

In the verdant spring-time, brother !  
In the holy weeks of Lent,  
To one bright one and another  
Was the Saviour's summons sent.  
From the sunshine and the flowers  
From the vigil, fast and prayer,  
They are gone to fadeless bowers,  
Free, for aye, from sin and care.

We shall meet them there, my brother !  
Christian father, dry your tears :  
They were Christ's, O Christian mother !  
Christ's alone from earliest years.  
To the father-land above us  
He has called them—weep no more ;  
Think ye that our children love us  
Less because their pains are o'er ?



GLIMPSES OF CHILDHOOD.

Oh, the April beams on the green hill-side  
How goldenly they lie !  
Where the vernal grass in its virgin pride  
Seems laughing to the sky ;  
Where the dandelion, scentless yet,  
Its yellow petals spreads,  
And the modest leaves of the violet  
Peep out from mossy beds.

A bright young child, with flaxen hair  
And blue eyes bathed in light,  
And sunny brow, is lingering there  
Grave in her young delight ;—  
A shade of awe and of wonder blent  
With her cherub smile of hope,  
Like a shadowy line of soft cloud bent  
O'er a clear horizon's scope.

I had spoken to her of the blessed spring,  
Of the grass, and birds, and flowers,  
And of HIM who made each beauteous thing,  
The light, and the sunny hours ;  
With parted lips and a kindling eye,  
She listened to my words,  
Then asked—" Does he who dwells on high  
Listen to those dear birds ?

" And has He made these flowers, that lie  
All over where we tread ;  
Does He watch them all from that wide bright  
sky ?"—  
She ceased, and bowed her head ;  
Then, half in wonder and half in joy,  
To her rosy lips she pressed  
The violets wreathed round her favorite toy  
And said—" the flowers are blest."

“ May I stay with these sweet flowers awhile ?—

When God looks down to see

If *they* are safe, perhaps his smile

Will notice even *me*.”

And away she sprang to the green hill-side

With her young heart full of love ;

And I prayed that Christ, for such who died,

Would shield her from above.

O, childhood is like an April day,

With its blue and brilliant sky,

Fresh grass beneath, so green alway,

Light, silvery clouds on high ;—

It rovethe ever mid early flowers

Which summer’s sun shall blight,

And it smileth ever ’neath golden hours

Unmindful of the night.

Yet a heart of guileless love it hath,  
And a quick bright sense of truth,  
A spirit, winged for the upward path,  
In its beautiful, trusting youth.  
A nature instinct with glorious powers  
Unfolding one by one,  
'Neath genial suns and kindly showers  
Which bless what they fall upon.





AUGUSTUS FOSTER LYDE.

THE morn, whose clear uprise  
Is rich with promise of a brilliant day,  
Often, amid the gloom of clouded skies  
Fades suddenly away.

Thy morning, Lyde, was blest  
With tokens of a day of strength and power,  
But thou wert called to thine eternal rest  
In its most brilliant hour.

And many were the tears  
We shed for thee, dear brother ! for we wept  
One on whose spirit in its earliest years  
Manhood's high promise slept.



For thine was manly truth,  
And high devotion, and unwearied zeal,  
And wisdom which the ardent mind of youth  
But rarely doth reveal ;—

An intellect, whose range  
Was in the highest, loveliest realms of thought ;  
A heart, above all fickleness and change,  
With its deep love unbought.

Richly the spirit dwelt  
Within thee in its sanctifying power,  
Its holy energy, most deeply felt  
In nature's weakest hour.

Thy spirit burned to tell  
The tidings of redeeming love, to those  
Whom sin hath circled in its darkest spell  
Of ignorance and woes.

Thou didst devote thy life  
To bear the glorious name of Christ abroad,  
Where China's deep idolatries are rife  
With the contempt of God.

But thou wert called away  
Ere thou hadst fully bound thine armor on,  
From the drear strife of earth to endless day,  
From toil to glory won.

Thy parting words were fraught  
With mournful presage of thine early fate,  
As thy mind lingered in prophetic thought  
On hopes made desolate.

We love to think of thee ;  
To fancy thy calm presence with us yet,  
As one of those sweet stars of memory  
Which never wane nor set.



MORNING HYMNS.

I.

FATHER OF LIGHTS ! ENTHRONED SUPREME.

FATHER of lights ! enthroned supreme  
In changeless majesty on high,  
Thine is the morning's earliest gleam,  
Thine the full splendor of the sky.

Refreshed by slumber sweet and calm  
Through the dark watches of the night,  
With morning's rise of health and balm,  
We rise to bless thee, God of light !

Thy sleepless eye has watch'd our rest,  
Thy hand protected our repose ;  
By thee the hours of sleep were blest  
From eventide till morning rose.

From morning's rise till set of sun,  
Be with us and protect us still,  
And may this day, in praise begun,  
Be spent in doing all thy will.

Bless us, when studying thy word ;  
Bless us with grace, that we may find  
In learning's path thy wisdom, LORD !  
To elevate and cheer the mind.

Be with us when with thankful hearts  
Around the social board we meet,  
Protecting love and health impart,  
When pleasure tempts our willing feet.

And when in pleasant converse dear,  
We meet to close the varied day,  
Be gladness hallowed by thy fear,  
And sorrow cheered by mercy's ray.

## II.

LORD, WHEN MORNING'S LIGHT IS STREAMING.

LORD, when morning's light is streaming  
From the portals of the sky,  
And the earth, in brightness gleaming,  
Lifts her voice of praise on high,  
Hear and bless us, hear and bless us  
As our feeble praise we try.

When the universe rejoices  
In the light bestowed by thee,  
Touch our hearts, attune our voices  
To sweet strains of harmony ;  
Hear and bless us, hear and bless us  
As our praises rise to thee.

Visit us with thy salvation,  
Day by day our hearts renew,  
Strength impart and consolation,  
Aid and bless in all we do,  
Till our praises, till our praises  
Round thy throne in heaven shall flow.

## III.

SWIFTLY THE SHADES OF NIGHT RETIRE.

SWIFTLY the shades of night retire  
Before the morning's brilliant ray ;  
The eastern clouds, all tipp'd with fire,  
Chased by the sunlight, break away.

O'er hill and dale, o'er wood and stream  
The gladd'ning tide of light is pour'd ;  
Awakened by th' inspiring beam  
Earth utters praises to the LORD.

We wake, with morning's eastern fire,  
By slumbers sweet, refresh'd and blest ;  
LORD, touch our hearts ; our souls inspire  
To praise thee for our tranquil rest.

Shine on us, Sun of Righteousness !  
Dispel the darkness of our souls ;  
With peace our daily labors bless,  
And all our thoughts and deeds control.

## IV.

## THE LARK IS UP.

THE lark is up ; his matin song  
To the sweet winds of morn is given,  
Rejoicing, as with pinion strong  
He soars toward the gate of heaven.

The joyous birds, in hedge and tree,  
Their early carols have begun,  
And mid the flowers the busy bee  
Begins her labors with the sun.

Thus may our hearts at dawn of day,  
E'en like the lark, to heaven arise,  
And with the birds, in praise alway,  
Adore our Saviour in the skies.

Contented with our lot, may we  
Our every duty gladly do,  
And daily, with the happy bee,  
Our life of happy toil renew.



EVENING HYMNS.

V.

BRIGHT IN HIS COURSE ON HIGH.

Air—"Far, far o'er hill and dell." See Kingsley's Social Choir, Vol.  
I. page 149.

BRIGHT in his course on high,  
O'er the hills bending,  
Down the red western sky  
Slowly descending,  
Lo! the proud orb of day,  
Sheds his departing ray,  
With the clouds, far away,  
Brilliantly blending.



On the calm river's breast,  
Soft hues are sleeping,  
Imaging hearts at rest,  
In the Lord's keeping ;—  
Preluding day's farewell  
Soft airs of evening swell ;  
Far over hill and dell,  
Like music, sweeping.

As fades the light of day,  
Youth's joys are fading ;  
Soon their most cloudless ray  
Care will be shading ;  
Let us then seek for light,  
Cloudless and ever bright,  
Hope's day and sorrow's night  
Sweetly pervading.

Sisters ! when called to part,  
School ties to sever,  
When youth's bright days are past  
From us forever,  
May we remember then  
His love who died for men,  
Slighting his grace again,  
Never, O never.

So when life's shadows creep,  
Round us in sadness,  
Jesus our hearts shall keep  
Safe from sin's madness ;  
Help us to love and pray,  
Labor and watch alway,  
Shed round our dying day  
Heavenly gladness.

## VI.

## EVENING PARTING HYMN.

Words altered and adapted to the air in Kingsley's Social Choir, Vol.

I. page 131.

BRIGHT be our parting, where  
Brightly we've met ;  
Voices of music are  
Echoing yet ;  
Tones that we love to hear,  
Swell on the listening ear,  
Hark now, in accents clear  
Singing, good night !

God and good angels bright  
Watch o'er our sleep !  
Bless us with slumbers light,  
Peaceful and deep,  
Watched by His sleepless eye,  
While each fair star on high  
Bends from the quiet sky,  
Looking, good night !

Brief be our parting where  
Gladly we'll meet ;  
Morning shall call us, each  
Other to greet.  
Sweet be our rest in him  
Till the bright stars are dim,  
And the earth's matin hymn  
Breaks on the night.

## VII.

## THE HEART'S SINCERE DEVOTION.

THE heart's sincere devotion  
To thee, O God, we owe ;  
To thee may each emotion  
In holy rapture flow.  
Before thy footstool kneeling,  
A youthful band are we ;  
May every thought and feeling  
Be sanctified by thee.

In wisdom's richest treasures  
Teach us, O LORD, to find  
Those pure and noble pleasures  
Which satisfy the mind ;  
With thy most gracious favor  
Regard and guide our youth,  
And aid our weak endeavor  
To seek and know the truth.

In all our youthful duties  
Sustain and bless us still ;  
Reveal to us the beauties  
Of thine own word and will.  
Teach us to seek thy glory,  
And live to thee alone,  
That so we may adore thee  
Around thy heavenly throne.

## VIII.

HOW SWEET WHEN DAILY TOILS ARE DONE.

How sweet, when daily toils are done,  
To meet, O God, before thy throne,  
To praise thee for thy ceaseless love,  
And ask thy blessing from above.

Father! thine eye has marked our way  
Through all the changes of the day;  
Thy presence has been with us still,  
In joy or pain, in good or ill.

If in the duties of this day,  
Our time, misspent, has passed away,  
Make us more earnest to repair  
The waste, by future zeal and care.

If sinful thoughts our souls have stirred,  
If we in word or deed have erred,  
Humbly thy pardon we implore,  
And pray that we may sin no more.

If oft our youthful hearts have strayed  
From thee, nor sought thy gracious aid,  
Forgive us, Lord, and grant that we  
May of thy love more mindful be.

Be thou, O GOD, our guide and stay!  
Be with us on life's future way,  
Safe may we pass through death's cold gloom,  
And rise, immortal, from the tomb.





For the idea and some of the language of the following little poem  
the author is indebted to Mr. Coxe's Christian Ballads.

FOR A BOTANICAL EXCURSION.

I.

WE go—we go  
Where the green leaves grow,  
And the wild vines flourish fair ;  
Where the sweet perfume  
Of the woodland's bloom  
Is abroad on the summer air !  
Where the violet  
With the dew is wet  
On the banks of the crystal streams,  
And the lily-bell  
In the mossy dell  
Waves in the checkered beams.  
We go—we go  
Where the green leaves grow,  
And the wild vines flourish fair ;  
Where the sweet perfume  
Of the woodland's bloom  
Is abroad on the summer air.



## II.

For a soft light smiles  
Through the forest aisles,  
And sleeps on the moss below ;  
And the merry tune  
Of the birds in June  
Sings welcome, as we go ;  
Where the walnut trees  
Wave in the breeze,  
And the broad elms cast their shade,  
The bell-flowers nod  
O'er the verdant sod,  
And the Cornus weaves its braid.  
The Rubus glows  
In green hedge-rows,  
And the brilliant laurels bloom ;  
And the woodbines cling  
Where the alders spring  
In the gray rock's pleasant gloom.

## III.

We go—we go  
Where the wild flowers grow,  
    To the wood—the dells—the streams ;  
In the early morn  
When the day is born  
    Midst the dawn's reviving beams ;—  
In the sunset hour,  
When tree and flower  
    Are bathed in loveliest hues ;  
In the silver light  
Of the June twilight,  
    Sweet sister of the dews.  
Oh then we go  
Where the green leaves grow,  
    And the wild vines flourish fair ;  
Where the sweet perfume  
Of the woodland's bloom  
    Is abroad on the summer air.





LAKE GEORGE AT MIDNIGHT.

How beautifully calm, how lone  
Beneath the summer midnight, lie  
Thy lovely waters, Horicon!  
Imaged with hues from earth and sky.

Around thee, as a guardian band,  
Wierd, wild and green, the mountains stand,  
By night's enchanting wand arrayed  
In softest tints of light and shade.  
Or, frowning o'er the rugged shore,  
Like ancient castles stern and hoar,  
Upon whose fancied tower and keep,  
Strong warrior forms are seen to sleep;  
While dark and cold above them rise,  
Gray cliffs that seem to touch the skies,  
Relieved by fairy spots of green,  
And pine groves interposed between.

Lovely and mild, the summer moon  
Floats through the cloudless skies of June,  
Slowly, as if long watch to keep,  
O'er giant height and sparkling deep.  
Her rays, with softer, sweeter glow,  
Are mirror'd in the lake below ;  
And o'er the verdant isles that stud  
The bosom of the crystal flood,  
She sheds, divinely soft and clear,  
Midnight's serenest atmosphere.



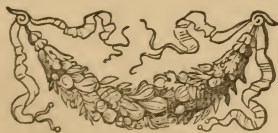


### MORNING.

FAINTLY the young moon's silver horn  
Gleamed through the light gray clouds of morn,  
Where the crimson tints of dawn were blent  
With the deepening blue of the firmament,  
And the tremulous gloom on wave and shore  
Melted away as the light came o'er.  
On high, the first sweet smiles of day,  
As half in anger and half in play,  
Seemed laughing the lingering clouds away :  
And the waning stars that all night long  
Had marshalled there their glittering throng,  
In the doubtful light grew paler yet,  
And faded away ere the young moon set.

Below, through the tops of the mountain pines,  
On the broad unbroken forest screen,  
O'er the bright-leaved sycamore's silent lines  
With their wealth of leaves and depth of green,  
The mellow light of morning fell,  
And slept, like a spirit, on rock and dell.  
Day broke at length all radiantly  
O'er sleeping earth and bending sky ;  
The heavy mists rolled fast and free  
From mountain gorge and summit high ;  
Midst purple mists and clouds of gold  
The morning sun rose bright and bold,  
And swiftly o'er the quiet hills,  
O'er blue lake and grim mountain side,  
O'er the dense woods and upland rills,  
Swept wave on wave, the golden tide.

The forest depths are cool and green,  
The forest paths are quiet yet,  
And the soft light sheds its mystic sheen  
On the leaves which the dews have wet.  
Through the close canopy above,  
Falls here and there a brilliant ray,  
Like the gleam on the breast of the forest dove  
When she looks from her nest at the close of day.  
Through the cool and verdant aisles it steals,  
And glides, like a sprite, o'er the moss below ;  
And the snake in his coiled slumber feels  
Its fresh warm kiss, and loves it too.  
It has startled the stag in the hunting track,  
And the wish-ton-wish in the tamarack.  
The timid deer was up and away  
From his lair of leaves at the dawn of day,  
For he seeks the brook and the tender grass  
In the old familiar mountain pass.





## ALDEBARAN.

A SONG OF TIME'S CHANGES.

'Twas deepest night. The winter moon hung low,  
Floating along the distant verge of heaven,  
Full orb'd and brilliant; and the myriad stars,  
Afar in their unbroken fields of blue,  
Burn'd with a bright cold lustre. Earth and sea  
Lay hush'd in sweet repose. The hills and plains,  
Rob'd in the glittering garments of the snow,  
Smiled in the silvery radiance; and the woods  
Were deck'd with fairy tracery of ice,  
Casing the boughs with crystal, and the leaves  
With net-work, as of woven light and gems.  
Low hanging in the occident with light,  
Ruddy, yet not less beautiful than that  
With which the countless orbs around him shone,  
Was ALDEBARAN, brave old sentinel,—  
Hoar watcher on the battlements of heaven!  
The regent of the night he seem'd; and when  
I look'd upon the congregated stars



Burning around him, rank on rank, afar,  
Rejoicing in the upper sky, or faint  
Upon the blue horizon, there arose  
Within my mind high thoughts of HIM, whose hand  
Had spread those boundless fields of space, and  
formed

Those myriad orbs, and traced their glorious path  
Around his throne :—who reigns beyond them all,  
Throned in a glory, inaccessible  
To mortal thought, a light invisible  
To mortal eye ;—adored by shining hosts,  
Whose brilliancy and number these fair stars  
But faintly image to the eye of man.—  
Adorable CREATOR, RULER wise,  
The GOD of nature and of Providence ;  
Author and finisher of REDEMPTION'S work,  
JEHOVAH GOD TRIUNE, the FIRST, the LAST.

In musings such as these, I saw the moon  
Go down behind the hills ; and as I gazed  
Upon the orb of Aldebaran, all  
The *past of earth*, on which his beams had shone,  
And for long ages chronicled in light,  
Came vividly before me, and my thoughts  
Unconscious shaped themselves in song.—

Strange things and sad thine eye hath seen,  
Old watcher of the night!  
Since first on this creation's scene  
Dawned thine unwasting light ;  
Since, young and glorious, on thy way  
Ere yet time was, or night or day,  
Thou sprangest at God's word,  
And with thy radiant peers didst sing  
High praise to the Eternal King,  
Causing the boundless heaven to ring  
With praises to the Lord.

On Eden's green luxuriant bowers,  
Nightly thy radiance fell,  
Shining through long and blissful hours  
On grove and lawn and dell.  
The silvery brooks laughed on their way,  
Illumined by thy ruddy ray,  
'Neath the soft summer air ;  
When hand in hand, through paths of green,  
Admiring all the beauteous scene  
In innocence and peace serene,  
Journeyed th' unfallen pair.

Thou saw'st that wild terrific day,  
That day of sin and ire,  
When guilt, confounded, shrank away  
Before the sword of fire.  
Thy light shone on the desert path  
Which they, pursued by storms of wrath,  
In tears and sorrow trod;  
No more to linger in the light  
Of Eden's bowers unstained and bright,  
Deathless no more, expelled from sight  
Of their offended God.

When sweet with balmy winds and dews,  
The summer night came on,  
Thou saw'st, amidst the twilight hues,  
A corse, cold, bloody, wan;—  
A corse, outstretched upon the sand,  
A brother slain by brother's hand,  
And o'er it, in wild wo,  
Father and mother speechless bent,  
Despairing, questioning death's intent  
In grief, in silence eloquent  
With more than words can show.

The drowning cry of earth went up,  
Madly into thine ear ;  
Thou saw'st the shoreless waves o'ertop  
Each mountain summit drear ;  
Thou saw'st the ark outride the flood,  
And, guided by the hand of God,  
On hoar Ararat rest ;  
And when in holy gratitude,  
Before his offering Noah stood,  
Adoring HIM, the great, the good,  
By whom his *faith* was blest.

On Babel's tower thy lustre shone—  
On Nimrod's wanderings wild—  
On Abraham's toils and travels lone—  
On Hagar and her child ;—  
On that dread mount where faith upreared  
The altar, at God's word revered,  
For sacrifice of blood ;  
What time the faithful patriarch heard,  
Mid tears of joy, the *promise word*  
Prophetic of the Saviour Lord,  
Jesus, INCARNATE GOD.

On Joseph's prison-walls thy beams  
Through nights of sorrow fell,  
On Goshen's fruitful fields and streams,  
Where Jacob came to dwell ;  
On the blest patriarch's dying bed,  
When tearful Israel bowed the head,  
Mourning a saint at rest ;  
On Joseph's dying hour, whence wo  
And hard oppression 'gan to flow  
From Egypt's kings, who ceased to know  
The God they once confessed.

When wrath upon the oppressors came,  
And Israel, freed at length,  
Went out beneath the cloud and flame,  
Strong in Jehovah's strength,  
Thy light shone on the parted flood,  
The scene of overthrow and blood,  
The desert and the rock ;  
And when in all its stern repose  
The awful *Mount* before them rose,  
Curtained with gloom by him who chose  
That people for his flock.

'Twere long to tell of all the change,  
The strife—the sin—the wo—  
Successes proud, reverses strange,  
Triumph and overthrow—  
The long years of captivity,  
Endured in tears and misery,  
The joyous journey home ;—  
The long and varied history  
Of the Prophetic age, till HE,  
Promised from ancient days, should be  
Hailed as MESSIAH COME.

Thou saw'st the shepherds' vigil lone  
On plains of Bethlehem,  
When light from heaven around them shone,  
And pealed th' angelic hymn.  
Thy light on all Christ's earthly life,  
With trial, scorn and sorrow rife,  
Gleam'd changeless and serene—  
When praying 'neath the midnight sky,  
When wrestling on Gethsemane,  
And when he hung on Calvary—  
God suffering for men.

On Canaan's fruitful plains and hills  
Thy ruddy lustre shone,  
Where green leaves waved, and laughing rills  
In light and song flowed on ;  
On the first idol-shrines that there  
Were reared for sacrifice and prayer,  
To gods of wood and stone ;  
On Samuel's infant prayers and tears  
His life of toil, his godly years ;  
On Saul's rebellion, sins and fears,  
By pride accursed, undone ;

On Sion's courts, where David's lyre  
Awoke celestial strains,  
Thou lookedst with thine eye of fire :  
And o'er Judea's plains  
Thou saw'st the first grand temple rise  
All glorious, beneath the skies,  
In marble majesty ;  
Thou sawest Israel's tribes go up  
From plain and vale to Sion's top,  
On that high shrine to offer up  
Praise to the Deity.



Thou saw'st enthroned upon her hills,  
And calm in conscious power,  
Old Rome her ordered task fulfil  
For the Messiah's hour.  
From Britain's isle to where the sea  
Sweeping round shores of Araby  
Laves the far Orient,  
Thou sawest her triumphant way ;  
The nations, tranquil 'neath her sway,  
Waiting the dawn of Gospel day,  
The promised Word's intent.

When the Barbaric deluge swept  
Fiercely o'er fallen Rome,  
And Europe long in darkness slept,  
In ignorance and gloom :—  
When freed from superstition's chain  
The mind of man was strong again ;  
And truth's celestial ray  
Dawned on the nations, faintly seen,  
Obscured, as she hath ever been,  
With earthly hues, still bright, serene,  
Dispersing error's night.



On England's martyr-pyres thy rays  
Shone, in that fearful time,  
When holy men amid the blaze  
Stood up, in strength sublime,  
In meekness battling for the truth  
Through good and ill, through joy and ruth,  
Unshaken, undismayed,  
Holding the safe and middle path,  
Braving alike Rome's tiger wrath,  
And that fanatic zeal, which flings  
Firebrands amidst most sacred things,  
Oft cursing while it prayed.

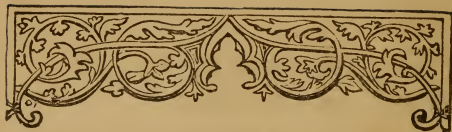
Thy beams shone on old Ocean's breast  
When the brave Genoese  
Traced his adventurous path, in quest  
Of new worlds o'er the seas :  
Thou saw'st the pilgrim fathers stand  
Adoring, on the wintry sand ;  
Thou saw'st each after-scene,  
The battle field—the hour of strife,  
Th' appalling waste of blood and life,  
The midnight charge, with horror rife,  
The awful flames between.

When the strong cry of liberty  
    Rolled o'er our favored land,  
And the glad anthem of the free  
    Arose, to bless the hand  
Of the Almighty King, who broke  
The tyrant's chains, the oppressor's yoke,  
    And gave our arms success ;  
Thy beams shone on our festal day,  
And mingled with the morning ray  
Of liberty, that broke away  
    O'er all the joyous West.

Thou saw'st the CHURCH OF GOD arise,  
    To bless this favored land,  
Her rulers, faithful, humble, wise,  
    Appointed at God's hand ;—  
The goodly tree beneath whose shade  
Our sires, our fathers' fathers prayed,  
    In the blest olden time,  
Hath spread her verdant branches wide,  
From Eastern to the Western tide,  
And men adore the CRUCIFIED,  
    Through all our spreading clime.

Old watcher of the night ! thy light  
In darkness shall expire,  
When earth and heaven shall melt away  
Beneath the sea of fire ;—  
Yet the immortal ones, whose way  
Through life's uncertain, varied day,  
Thy beams hath shone upon,  
Shall live when time shall be no more,  
And YEARS and DAYS for aye be o'er,  
In bliss rejoicing evermore,  
Or evermore undone.





## FORWARD.

Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.

Exodus xiv. 15.

FORWARD!—with zeal and faith,  
Unshaken, undismay'd!  
For darkly round retreating steps  
Disaster is array'd.  
Arm thee with strength and soberness,  
Stout heart and patient mind;  
Before thee, rest and triumph wait,  
Shame and defeat behind!

Forward!—thy journey lies  
Through darkness, strife and sin,  
And watchful journeying alone  
The distant goal may win:  
Trials and dangers throng the road,  
Temptations seek thy fall;  
But God can give a dauntless soul,  
And victory in all.

Forward!—thou art not left  
In solitude and fear :  
H light from heaven streams o'er thy way  
Steady, serene and clear.  
The noble army of the just  
That selfsame way hath trod,  
And faithful brethren at thy side  
Wrestle for thee with God.

Forward!—the glorious arm  
That smote the sounding sea,  
And laid his people's journey there,  
Is still outstretched o'er thee.  
To guide thee to the promis'd rest,  
To guard—console—inspire,  
His presence still informs the cloud,  
And rolls the pillar'd fire.

Forward !—thou hast a gift  
Of confidence and might,  
Which earth and hell can never wrest  
Against thee, in the fight.  
The rock, the shield, the weapon keen,  
The spirit, and the power,  
The blood-stained banner, all are thine  
In battle's fiercest hour.

Forward !—a mighty cloud  
Of witnesses surround !  
The Church triumphant—angel hosts,  
Saints, prophets, martyrs crown'd,  
The Church, on earth yet militant,  
The tempter and the foe :—  
Forward ! before is victory,  
Behind dismay and wo.

Forward!—the trumpet peal  
Is ringing in thine ear,  
Th' archangel's voice, the trump of God,  
The judgment day is near.  
Strong as the blast o'er Sinai pour'd,  
Mid darkness, cloud, and flame,  
Thy Lord shall come to vindicate  
His everlasting name.

Forward!—O child of God!  
Soldier of Christ, press on!  
Forward, O struggling heir of heav'n,  
Until its gates are won.  
Faint not—for God goes forth with thee;  
Fail not, his strength is thine;  
Forward, unskaken, undismay'd,  
To rest and peace divine.



## MISSIONARY WARFARE.

“Long and faithfully may they wage it—and may the day be very far off when the feeblest shall falter therein, or desire to quit the field.”

### I.

WHY should *ye* falter, noble men !  
Soldiers of God most High !  
When life hath nothing dear but Christ,  
And death is victory ?  
Why should *ye* falter, hearts of steel !  
Strong wrestlers for a name  
Above the poor rewards of earth,  
Its censure or its fame ?



## II.

Take courage, and right onward bear,  
Strong in your Leader's might ;  
Protected by his glorious arm,  
And guided by His light.  
All beautiful and clear it shines  
Above your toilsome way,  
Gilding the battle's waning night  
With hope of cloudless day.

## III.

Dread foes may gather to molest  
Your journey as ye go—  
But ye shall break the lifted spear  
And snap the bended bow.  
Satan's high towers before your strength  
Shall crumble into dust,  
And hoary superstition leave  
The bulwarks of her trust.

## IV.

What though sin's gloomy battlements,  
Above your onset, frown ;  
And error from her lofty heights  
Looks menacingly down ?  
Ye have a might invincible,  
A force, at faith's command,  
Before which neither pride of man,  
Nor power of hell may stand.

## V.

Ye go to break the prison doors,  
To set the captive free,  
To visit the oppress'd with hope,  
The bound with liberty !  
Joy to the captive do ye bring,  
And to the wounded, balm ;  
Strength to the soul o'erthrown by sin,  
And conquest's holy palm.

## VI.

The words of life divine ye bear  
To earth's remotest bound,  
Till every land our God shall own,  
And with his praise resound.  
Your feet on every mountain top  
Shine beauteous from afar,  
More lovely than the rise of morn,  
Or light of midnight star.

## VII.

Gird on your armor then with strength,  
The gospel banner take,  
With both hands grasp the two-edged sword,  
And strike for Jesus' sake.  
Why falter, champions of Christ !  
Soldiers of God most High,  
When life hath nothing dear but Christ,  
And death is victory.



POEMS OF AN EARLIER DATE.

---

“The pleasing dreams of youth  
Thus fondly we retrace”

WORDSWORTH

\*.\* If the following articles should seem even less worthy of forbearance than those which precede them, the author has no apology to offer except that he has introduced them in compliance with the suggestion of a friend.



BISHOP WHITE.

“WHOSE FAITH FOLLOW.”

SHALL we then mourn thee, venerable guide !

Father and friend !—that thou at length hast trod  
The vale of death, and passed the bounds that hide

The faithful from the Sabbath-land of God ?

Shall we then weep, that thy consoling voice,

As that of seraphs, deep with love, may pour  
Its music on our ear, and we rejoice

In the meek triumph of thy faith no more ?

O, gifted as thou wert, and clothed with grace,  
With apostolic meekness, zeal and strength;  
Nobly thou'st run the Christian's girded race,  
And to thy full reward art called at length.  
Long wast thou spared, the church of God to lead,  
To counsel and instruct in wisdom's ways,  
With sinners in the Lord's behalf to plead,  
And cause the tongue of man to sing his praise.

Servant of God, well done! around thy rest  
Sorrows the sacramental host, which thou,  
Mighty through God, with peace and joy hast blest,  
Though oft by trial worn, and made to bow  
'Neath obloquy;—and as the light that gives  
Its tender radiance to the sunset sky,  
Hallowing and softening, thy memory lives  
Within the heart of Zion pure and high.



The leader, summoned from his post, we weep !

The worthiest of the consecrated band,

In faith and years majestic, fall'n asleep,

The brow unmitred—cold th' anointing hand.

But yet for thee we glory and rejoice

With joy unspeakable ; and mid the gloom

That rests on thy departure, hear the voice

Proclaiming light and strength beyond tomb.

We mourn thee—even as those who, mourning  
bless

The pilgrim journeying to his native clime,

Watching to mark thy joyful footsteps press

The sacred shore, beyond the stream of time,

Where angels wait thy coming : many tears,

Though not of bitterness, for thee are shed ;

Tears of triumphant hope, that need not years

To hallow them—nor perish with the dead.



### THE DEATH OF BISHOP HOBART.

Written on first seeing the beautiful monument in Trinity Church,  
New-York, where he is represented in his dying hour, supported by  
an angel who is pointing to a cross in the heavens.

SOLDIER of Christ! put off thine armor now—

Lay the bright weapons of the warfare down :  
The iron helmet on thy toil-worn brow  
Shall soon be changed for an immortal crown ;  
Though legion'd foes thronged darkly round thy  
way,

Firmly and nobly hath that way been trod ;  
And now thy night is bursting into day,  
Undaunted champion of the Church of God.

Thou tried and faithful one ! thy soul was found  
 Ever most strong against the bands of sin,  
 Thy trumpet tones were ever heard to sound  
 Foremost and loudest in the battle's din :  
 A chosen watchman on the temple wall  
 Thou wast ordained of God—to stand on high,  
 And loudly to his slumbering people call  
 When the storm lower'd and the strife was nigh.

That strife is past—the victory is won—  
 The hosts of sin wax'd pale as thou didst name  
 The holy name of God's eternal Son ;  
 And guilt's o'erclouded brow grew dark with  
 shame.  
 The cheering accents of the Gospel fell  
 Like spring dews from thy lip, and mercy lent  
 Her soft wings to thine ardent words, to tell  
 Of love and hope for man's salvation sent.

Lo the bright cross! look up, thou fainting one!  
 See through the temple of the upper sky  
 A flood of glory streams, as from the throne  
 Of God's eternal, cloudless majesty;  
 And from the hosts of the redeemed that there  
 Wake their loud harps to ceaseless songs of love,  
 A glorious strain seems bursting on the air  
 To welcome thee to thy reward above.

And thou art with the righteous—with the pure  
 And holy men of heart that, from all time,  
 Firm in that faith which stands for ever sure,  
 Went forth like thee upon their path sublime—  
 And in the throng of holy ones that now  
 Worship the Saviour in the heavenly land,  
 Thou, with the earth-mists fallen from thy brow,  
 Standest most bright, and evermore shalt stand.

Strong, fearless champion of truth ! the tears  
From many a mourning eye flow forth for thee—  
For the pure labors of thine earthly years,  
Thy fervent love, and saintly charity.  
And though thy spirit's lamp hath ceased to shine  
Through the thick darkness of our mortal night,  
Yet on heaven's altar radiant, divine,  
It burneth still with deeper, holier light.





DIRGE.\*

THOU hast fallen, friend and brother,  
Nobly, with thine armor on ;  
Thou hast fallen, and another  
Of that faithful band is gone.  
Early called, and richly gifted  
For thy high but brief career,  
Ere thy sword was well uplifted  
Thou wast lain upon the bier.

Sion mourns thy loss in sadness ;  
Tears are shed, but not for thee ;  
Thou hast sown, to reap in gladness  
Light and life and victory :  
They who knew the noble spirit  
That within thy bosom burned,  
Joy that it doth now inherit  
That high bourne for which it yearned.

\* Written on the occasion of the sudden death of Henry H. Cook, a candidate for orders, who had it in his heart to preach the gospel to the natives of Africa.

But for that degraded nation  
O'er the wide and hostile deep,  
To whose ears the great salvation  
Thou didst sigh to bear, we weep.  
We lament a herald taken  
From God's sacramental host,  
And a soldier's place forsaken  
Ere he gained his chosen post.

Tears are thine, O youthful martyr,  
Tears of deep but patient grief,  
Which the wrung heart would not barter  
For the world's most prized relief ;  
For, though mournful notes are blending  
With the strains of earthly love,  
Triumph high, and joy unending  
Wait thee in the realms above.







### ATHANASIA.

O præclarum diem quum ad illud divinum animorum concilium cætumque proficiscar ; quumque et hac turba et colluvione discedam !—Cicero de Senec. 85.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be ; but we know that when he who is our life shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.—1 John iii. 2.

Yes ! 'twas a lonely dream, which bard and sage  
Nursed in the depth of thought, when o'er the soul  
The consciousness of its true destiny  
Flashed like strong inspiration, and the light  
Of heaven arose to gild the gloom of earth.  
Tully, thou sayest well ! the immortal mind,  
With its strange wealth of strength and nobleness,  
Fetter'd and chained by weakness and by sin,  
Shall live, when the frail dust which it informs  
Hath mingled with its kindred elements.



And is it but a dream ?—a phantom light  
Which vain philosophy hath conjured up,  
Most beautiful but false ? We thank thee, God !  
It is not so. The rich and glorious truth  
Which master spirits of the olden time,  
By thought severe, and study long and deep,  
Drew out from reason's clearest, holiest founts,  
Is spoken by the Word of truth divine  
Even to the soul of universal man.

Oh ! if in this our earthly pilgrimage  
There be imparted to the human mind  
One high sustaining gift which can support  
The spirit of a man in toil and wo,  
It is the knowledge of his destiny  
Beyond the brief and troubled scene of life.  
When care hath cast its blight and bitterness  
O'er the wrung heart, and sorrow as a cloud  
Comes down upon it ; when along our path  
The flowers of early hope lie withering,  
And the wide past is even as the grave  
Of all our best affections, and lone grief,  
With marble eye and brow, sits watching it ;—  
To look beyond—to know that there is rest,

Eternal rest, and perfect happiness  
In the bright realms above, our fatherland—  
The spirit's glorious bourne—its shrine—its home.  
This, this is knowledge ; this is strength and power  
To find and fill the soul—to nerve the heart,  
And purify and elevate the mind,  
And give, in every scene of bliss or pain,  
Patience and cheerfulness, energy and hope.

If in that awful hour, when earth recedes  
From our dim sight, when links are broken off  
And ties are sundered, which on earth shall be  
United never more ; if in the dread  
And palpable dismay of death, there be  
A gift consoling unto those that die  
And those that live, it is the strength,  
The patience, and the hope that cometh then  
From the assurance of eternal life,  
Vouchsafed to faith and meek obedience.

Lo ! yonder scene of sorrow !—there is lain  
Upon a dying couch, one who is loved  
And cherished with a depth of tenderness  
Which none but Christians know. The spoiler  
comes ;—

The golden cord is broken—the mysterious wheel  
Of life is stilled, the fount is closed and dry!  
But there is calmness, and a blessed light  
Upon the lonely features of the dead,  
And there is mingled grief and holy hope  
Upon the brow of the sad weeper there!  
Ask ye the secret of their patient trust?  
Though severed for a time, those ties shall be  
United, in a world where parting is  
A word unknown, and holiness and love  
Shall bind those tried and faithful hearts to God  
And to each other, in undying bonds.

Father of all! accept our feeble praise  
For this thy perfect gift—our perfect hope.  
Holy Redeemer! to thy cross we come  
To learn the wisdom of immortal life.  
Eternal Spirit! guide us on our way  
Until, with songs and everlasting joy  
Upon our heads, we tread the holy mount,  
In vision of our God, and take the harp,  
Whose music is the soul of harmony  
And love, to pour its strain of praise  
Around the throne, while countless ages roll.



JOHN WICLIF.

From out that midnight, so dark and deep,  
A voice cried, Ho, awaken !  
And the sleepers aroused themselves from sleep,  
And the thrones of the earth were shaken.

REV. D. M. MOIR.

A STERN yet glorious task was thine,  
Thou lion-hearted champion !  
To wage, array'd with strength divine,  
A mortal fight with sin alone.  
To speak God's holy mandate out,  
Alike before the rack and throne ;  
And drown oppression's rabble shout  
In conscious truth's majestic tone.

Chosen in evil times to be

The advocate of God with man,  
Thy stirring voice rang fearlessly  
In danger's grim and threat'ning van ;  
As sounds of warning, eloquent,  
Before a host's advancing path ;  
Or strong winds through the darkness sent,  
Prophetic of the tempest's wrath.

Thou didst not quail at power's frown,  
Thou didst not shrink when ghostly pride,  
With maniac zeal, was bearing down  
Its tens of thousands at thy side :  
Calm, firm, resolved, thy dauntless soul  
Still bore thee on, whate'er might be,  
Triumphant over earth's control,  
To more than earthly victory.

To rescue truth oppress'd—to break  
The spiritual despot's rod ;  
To bid the slumb'ring mind awake—  
Such were thine arms, bold man of God!  
What were thy trials ? Chains and scorn—  
The ruler's rage, the people's sneer.  
What thy rewards ? Reproaches, borne  
In threats and curses to thine ear.

And what thy triumphs ? Is there traced  
No record on the page of time ?  
Is that bright registry effaced  
Of holy strength and faith sublime ?  
No ! thou art fitly honor'd now  
Among the excellent of earth ;  
And strong hearts leap forth to avow  
Thy Christian nobleness and worth.

For human praise thou didst not ask,  
O glorious and victor one !  
And God, for the gigantic task,  
Gave strength through his eternal Son.  
The Rock of Ages, firm abreast,  
Thou stood'st in perils and alarms,  
And calmly amidst all didst rest  
Upon the Everlasting Arms.





MADELINE :

A REMINISCENCE OF A LIBRARY.

Suggested by a passage in Richter's *Fixlein*.

WE love to watch the golden dawn's uprise  
In the gray east, all beautiful and still,  
When the pale stars fade slowly from the skies,  
And mists roll dim and gradual from the hill  
Like wreathing incense, and the minstrelsies  
Of early birds is mingled with the thrill  
Of forest boughs, yet fragrant with the dew,  
Op'ning their verdant arches as the winds pass  
through.



A scene like this, whate'er our lot may be,  
Time hallows to the soul with charms more rare ;  
Time steals away the glorious energy  
Of our young years, and hope grows dim in care ;  
But this hath tokens of the past which we  
Have linked in thought with all things sweet and  
fair,  
And blessed memories of those that stood  
Around our early path in holy brotherhood.

A bright and gentle band they were, in sooth !  
United as the odorous leaves that twine  
Around the household porch we lov'd in youth,  
Or kindred buds that beautify one vine ;  
And theirs was friendship garnered up with truth,  
And deep affection, hope almost divine,  
And gentleness unmarred, and pure intents  
Lending angelic grace to earthly lineaments.

A lovely image is before me now,  
A picture of the dead ;—no cloud is cast  
O'er the clear sunshine of that girlish brow  
To tell us of the shadows of the past.  
Thus beauteous in thine innocence wert thou,  
My sister Madeline, the loved and last ;  
Spared when the cherished group that brightly  
shone  
Upon my boyhood's eye, to their long rest had  
gone.

Fifteen brief summers—they alone can tell  
How brief they were who knew thee as I knew—  
Had softened her strange beauty with a spell  
Of mingled innocence and grace—a hue  
Floating and dreamlike, yet remembered well  
In after years ; a purity that grew  
More heavenly with each succeeding day,  
As moonlight sweeter grows as night's hours roll  
away.

The joy of all she was, and oft we deemed  
We entertained an angel unawares ;  
So much unlike this actual earth she seemed,  
Too fragile for its storms, and for its cares  
Too meek ; and guilelessly she dreamed  
Of that which comes to none, untroubled airs  
Of peace and love unclouded, and bright years  
Of happiness, and future bliss unlinked with tears.

That bright dream was unbroken, while the clay  
Held its celestial inmate ; she was bless'd  
E'en as she wished until her dying day ;  
And, as a wave of sunlight on the breast  
Of ocean shed, melts tremulous away,  
She passed all beauteous and serene to rest,  
Smiling with rapture at the glimpses given  
To her unclouded faith of God, and Christ, and hea-  
ven.

She loved the library ; yon chair of state,  
Robbed of its fringe and gilded dignity,  
Was as her throne, where wond'ringly she sat  
Guessing in curious awe at what might be  
Buried in tomes antique and folios great,  
Figured with quaint device and tracery ;  
The lore of Rome, Cologne and Amsterdam,  
And works of master-minds in England's age of  
palm.

Nor were these treasures *all* unscanned, I ween !  
That noble volume of the Saviour's life,  
Fabric most richly wrought of truth serene,  
By him, victim and conqueror of strife,  
The sainted Taylor, long to her had been  
A mine with truth and calm devotion rife,  
A well of holy thought whose waters rose,  
Most clear and beautiful, and pure as Alpine snows.

And good George Herbert, pleasing bard and quaint,  
Whose solemn "temple," as his life on earth,  
Breathes of deep holiness, who loved to paint  
The village pastor's gentleness and worth,  
Fit record of that meek one militant!

And Parnell,—poet of immortal birth,  
Whose strain flows on, as crystal from the springs,  
Sweet language fitly linked to sweet imaginings.

And Izaak Walton, with his pleasant tales  
Of those meek worthies of the olden time,  
Calm spirits girded with the strength that quails  
Before no mortal foe; whose faith sublime,  
Yet tranquil, in vicissitude avails  
To blunt temptation's edge and guard from crime:  
Beautiful legends of the human heart  
Preserved for after days, true wisdom to impart.

And here, each morn, ere the the first rays of dawn  
Fell softened through the casement, she would flee  
With simple flowers gathered from the lawn  
To deck the portait frames and tapestry,  
Shading her laughing glances, half withdrawn  
In bashfulness, and half in childish glee.

\* \* \* \* \*

How eloquent, on youthful lips, the words  
Of purity and virtue, flowing on  
E'en as the anthems of the summer birds,  
When the untainted air of heaven is won;  
Or like soft whisperings of angels, heard  
By those whose earthly race in faith is run,  
Breathing prophetic in its eloquent close  
Of an eternal rest for pain, and bliss for woes.

She lived among us as a being sent

For a short season, and then called away,

A gift of hope and love, in mercy lent

To cheer and guide us onward on our way.

She died, as dieth from the firmament

The holy radiance of departing day!

Peace to thy soul, sweet sister Madeline !

If not thy life, yet may thy gentle death be mine.





SCENE IN THE ALHAMBRA.

SUGGESTED BY A DESCRIPTION IN IRVING'S ALHAMBRA.

DAY dawned upon the castled hills,  
And on the sunny fields of Spain ;  
And forests waved, and silver rills  
Burst on their joyous way again,  
And their low silvery music fell  
Upon the ear in plaintive mirth,  
Like a soft murmur of farewell  
From lips we hold most dear on earth ;  
When hopes which are a joy to feel,  
And dreams, we dare not all reveal,  
Stir the deep ocean of the heart,  
And make it rapture e'en to part.



From convent lone, and turret gray,  
The matin bell rung out its tone,  
As if to greet the coming day,  
With music blither than its own :  
The friar kissed his cross, and knelt  
Beside the altar, rich and rare,  
To breathe the glowing praise he felt,  
Like incense on the fresh free air.  
The nun bent o'er her beads, and strove  
To utter all her glowing love :  
Manhood and age, youth free and wild,  
Fair, dark-ey'd maid, and careless child,  
Sent up their mingled voices there,  
Winged with the eloquence of prayer.

Hark ! from th' Alhambra's regal walls,  
Loud, stirring sounds come rolling on ;  
And the broad crescent banner falls,  
As if in homage to the sun,

Then waves from its proud height again,  
 Where the stern Moslem lifts in vain,  
 With bended knee and turban'd brow,  
 The empty mockery of his vow.  
 And woman's voice steals soft and low,  
 By the bright fountain's silver glow,  
 Mingling its accents with the breath  
 Of roses, waving underneath.  
 From grove of palm and orange bower,  
 Gay voices greet the kindly hour ;  
 The myrtle's twining leaves are stirred  
 With the clear carol of the bird,  
 That pours his grateful strain among  
     The shaded arches, green and dim ;  
 Where woman's gentle hands hath hung  
     A bright and gilded home for him.  
 And man's quick footsteps lightly bound,  
 All careless o'er the sunny ground ;  
 Though dear the scene and blithe the air,  
 Away ! ye must not linger there ;  
 For the loud trumpet wakes to call  
 Each idle loiterer to the hall ;

AL HASSAN holds his court to-day,  
And wo to him that dares to stray  
Where love and pleasure call their own,  
When once that trumpet's blast hath blown !

Lo ! in gay groups unto the court  
Grenada's chivalry resort ;  
And lance and sabre proudly shine,  
    And helms of steel flash high in air,  
And silken banners bright, untwine  
    Their waves of gold and azure there.  
And darkest plumes sweep proudly by  
Like clouds across a summer sky,  
And proud hearts 'neath the glancing mail,  
Throb quick and high, as if the tale  
Of hope, which they have long concealed,  
Already burned to be revealed.

Where the slight columns lift on high  
Their arches to the sculptured roof,  
Like lines of light along the sky,  
When sunset weaves her magic woof,  
Bright eyes, like sparkling orbs of dew  
That gem the violet's robe of blue,  
Gleam from the harem's rich recess,  
When fairy fingers waft aside  
The drapery's crimson sumptuousness ;  
And houri forms, like starbeams, glide  
Between the gilded peristyles ;  
And brows of light, and angel smiles,  
Shed all the glory of their glow  
On him who gazes from below.

High seated on a brilliant throne,  
That from the bright hall's farthest niche  
With gold and polish'd jasper shone,  
In profuse splendor, over which

The silken curtain's fold of blue,  
Rose like a waving sky to view ;  
With eagle eye and haughty mein,  
AL HASSAN gazes on the scene ;  
Yet, what though India's brightest gem  
Shines on his regal diadem ?  
Though all the envied pearls that sleep  
In coral grottoes of the deep,  
Repose like stars upon his brow,  
It wears a cloud of terror now ;  
And all the wealth that glitters near,  
Can not dispel that shade of fear :  
And why ?—go seek the fearful cause  
In broken faith and trampled laws ;—  
Though the bold mockery of pride,  
Will strive the rising thought to hide,  
Yet dark deceit, and shame, and sin,  
Hold dreadful revelry within.  
But where are they of yesternight ?

    Methinks the harp might louder swell,  
And eager glances beam more bright,  
    With all the glowing hope they tell,

If one dark radiant eye that shone  
    Upon the tourney's gathered glow,  
In days and hours brightly gone,  
    Were there to bless its splendor now!  
Faces of light and love are there,  
    And brows of angel beauty gleam  
Like lilies in the sunny air,  
    That cluster o'er a quiet stream.  
But she, the star before whose light  
The brightest there would seem less bright,  
The maid, to whom at eventide  
E'en stern AL HASSAN doffs his pride,  
And humbly sues on bended knee  
For love's sweet guerdon, where is she?

A quick thought flushed the monarch's cheek :  
    " Bring in the stranger—he who came  
At dawn of day, alone and weak,  
    A minstrel's sacred rights to claim ;

I marked his quick and flashing eye,  
As tremblingly he tottered by ;  
And marvelled much that age could light  
A glance so strangely wild and bright ;—  
Ha ! minstrel—sooth, thou comest well,  
To grace our morning festival ;  
Doubtless thy harp is tuned to lays  
Of knightly strife in other days ;  
Sing then of bold ABDALLAH's reign,  
The king and conqueror of Spain.

The minstrel threw aside his vest,  
And showed the gilt cross on his breast ;  
“Nay, Moor,” he answered—“gold of thine  
Hath never crossed this palm of mine ;  
And my loved harp is yet too free,  
So basely to be sold to thee ;



And Bertram's tongue shall never tell,  
The triumph of the infidel ;  
But I may sing of knights as brave ;  
The Christian host——”

“ By Allah, slave !  
Thy words, methinks, are strangely bold,  
For form so frail and hand so old ;  
Another taunt like that ;—beware,  
My hate is not a thing to dare ;  
And links of steel can quickly tame  
The heart that holds too high a flame.  
Why cam'st thou hither ?”

“ To demand  
Mercy—nay, justice—at thy hand !  
The time may come when BERTRAM's word  
Shall not sound near thee all unheard :  
Know then—the maid, whose name e'en now  
Would call the crimson to thy brow,  
Is sought by men, as strong and brave  
As those whose plumes around thee wave !”



“Ha! say’st thou so?” the Moor replied,  
While curled his lip with wrath and pride;  
And from his dark eye shot the fire  
Of mingled triumph, scorn and ire;  
“Ha! say’st thou so?—rash wretch, away!  
Thine eye shall never see the day!  
The chain—the rack—AL HASSAN brooks  
Nor murm’ring lips, nor wrathful looks.  
Seize the false villain—to the keep—  
Alhambra hath not cell too deep,  
Or chain too galling for the slave,  
And his shall be a living grave!”

Like a quick flash, at midnight sent  
Across the clouded firmament,  
The minstrel gained the folding door  
And struck the wardour to the floor, .

While curses deep and tones of fear,  
Poured like a tempest on his ear.  
A strong hand grasped his robe ; it fell—  
His minstrel hood flies from his brow :  
ALLAH IL ALLAH ! loudly swell  
Those sounds of Moslem vengeance now,  
High gleams his sabre in the air ;  
No more the arm of age is there ;  
His youthful brow is high and pale,  
His eye hath all a lion's rage ;  
His form is girt with flashing mail,  
And bent no more by age !  
Now rouse ye—rouse ye, one and all,  
His step is sounding in the hall,  
And the high porch is won—  
“Speed to the tower,” HASSAN cried,  
Unless its portal be denied,  
By MAHMUD ! we're undone.”

•

Loud BERTRAM's straining accents rose  
Above the curses of his foes,  
And mid that fierce and wrathful throng,  
His battle cry rung loud and long.  
He faints at length—th' unequal strife  
Of blood for blood, and life for life,  
Though nobly waged and long sustained,  
Gives hope of nought but vengeance gained.  
And must he die a death like this ?  
Unshrived, unblessed, while Pagans hiss,  
In impious mockery, to see  
His last hour's fearful agony ?  
'Twere well, upon the listed field,  
Mid trumpet clang and flashing steel,  
Where banners richly wave, to yield  
The spirit up: but oh! to feel,  
When life is ebbing slow away,  
A foeman's foot upon our clay!  
And while we darkly gasp, to hear  
Nought but contumely whispered near!  
He slowly faints—is there no charm  
To wing the sword with lightning now ?

To nerve with strength the drooping arm,  
And lend more freshness to the brow?  
He leaned against the pillared wall,  
Though faint and weak; unconquered yet,  
As if no terror could appal  
His sun-like spirit, till it set.  
Though death be near, it cannot dim  
The eagle soul that burns in him.  
With hasty step and menace loud,  
AL HASSAN darted from the crowd,  
And paused before the youthful knight,  
As if to mark his mein aright:  
Too late—a shriek—a thrilling cry  
Rung loudly through the vaulted hall;  
The monarch turned his wrathful eye,  
And stayed the arm about to fall.  
“Ha, fool!” he cried, “and is it so—  
My very Haram yields a foe?  
Back, woman! heart so weak as thine,  
Should seek a more enticing shrine!”

Zitella heard him not ; but hurried past,  
Her dark hair wildly o'er her forehead cast ;  
Love, hope and terror struggling in her glance,  
Too full for words, too strong for utterance.  
Upon her cheek a transient flush reposed,  
Like light on flowers, ere the day has closed ;  
But yet no tear bedewed that changing cheek,  
Whate'er her grief, she dared not *now* be weak.  
A hostile arm in vain her path denied ;  
Faithful in death, she sprang to BERTRAM'S side,  
And her blanched lips seemed whispering to  
    his soul  
That fervent love which death could not con-  
    trol.  
Fondly his pale lips touched her drooping  
    brow,  
So bright before, so death-like pallid now—  
Then stood as firm and nobly as before,  
For all the bitterness of doubt was o'er ;  
And the frail form that clung upon his breast  
Must be sustained, though death should bring  
    the rest.

Still darker grew AL HASSAN's haughty eye.  
And must the pure in heart so vainly die,  
E'en when the links of human love do cling  
Most tenderly around the spirit's wing ?  
Hath this dark world, alas ! no brighter doom  
For such most strong affection, than the tomb ?  
'Tis even so ! The word of death is given—  
Ye reft of earth, now put your trust in heaven !  
“Peace, love,” Zitella cried, “my home is here !  
Though dangers come, and frowning foes are near,  
Yet I can dare them all, when thou dost twine  
Thy failing hand thus trustingly in mine ;  
And thy warm heart, thus throbbing to mine own,  
Makes e'en *this* place more valued than a throne.”

“'Tis well,” AL HASSAN spake, “yet shalt thou gain  
Nought of the promised pleasure with the pain :

Ho ! bind the maiden—bear her from the hall !  
My words are wont not idly thus to fall !  
Now yield thee, knight, for Moslem steel is true !  
And canst thou wish for blood to flow anew,  
Mingled perhaps with *hers*, who here hath shown  
Thy worthless life more sacred than her own ?”

Calm as the marble, that uprose  
In stately grandeur, where he stood,  
BERTRAM still glared upon his foes,  
In all save his own heart subdued.  
He turned to gaze upon the form  
That hung all breathless on his arm ;  
And a brief cloud of anguish came  
Across his forehead's burning flame ;  
And, for one moment, o'er his cheek  
There shot a quiver wild and weak,



And a slight tremor thrilled the hand  
That bade defiance to the band ;  
But for one moment—then again  
His spirit held its wonted reign :  
“ Aye, come ! a darker hour hath been  
My lot amid the strife of men,  
And my strong soul hath never quailed,  
When even death itself prevailed.”

Hark ! hark !—a free and joyous shout !  
A trumpet loudly sounds without ;  
And a deep cry of voices flung  
    In triumph from the lofty wall  
Above the guarded tower, rung  
    In startling wildness through the hall :  
“ The cross ! the cross !—Ho ! strike for Spain !  
Shall woman’s wrongs call forth in vain ?



The cross!" And at that thrilling sound,  
 A thousand lances touched the ground,  
 Sudden and fearful, as the light  
 Of falling stars at dead of night.

\* \* \* \* \*

A steed is at the castle gate,  
 Caparison'd in lordly state;  
 A manly form is bending o'er  
 A fainting maiden at the door.  
 He lifts her on the barb—away!  
 The doubtful strife forbids delay!  
 A distant land must yet be won,  
 For thee and her, ere set of sun.

Night came—the blue and glorious night  
 That gilds the radiant sky of Spain;  
 And stars shed down their mellow light,  
 Beauteously on hill and plain,

Like a band of seraphs keeping  
Silent watch, when earth is sleeping,  
Shining on, for ever clear,  
Like eyes of love when hope is near.  
In gay Toledo's orange bowers,  
Blithe music winged the fleeting hours,  
And the voice of love and song  
Breathed the moonlit waves along :  
'Tis well : to-morrow's kindly sun,  
Shall gladden all he shines upon,  
And when his latest ray shall beam,  
Lingeringly on mount and stream,  
In her own bower at eventide,  
ZITELLA shall be BERTRAM's bride.





## THE GHEBER'S DYING HYMN.

### I.

THOU glorious minister of day! that now,  
On the rich bosom of the crimson wave,  
E'en as a king, dost rest thy dazzling brow,  
While earth lies hushed before thee, like a slave,  
'Tis fit that this my parting hour, should be,  
Monarch of light and loveliness, with thee.

## II.

For I have loved thy presence ; oft at morn  
When Iran's worshippers before thee knelt,  
And thou o'er earth and sky, in radiant scorn,  
Didst fling thine ardent kiss, as if to melt  
The world to thine embrace—thy light became  
To my fond soul a passion, and thy name

## III.

Was as the memory of early dreams,  
Nursed in the depth of thought, which after years  
But hallow as they glide—or as the streams  
Which we are wont to love, before the tears,  
That darkly hang above life's older day,  
Have cast their shadows round our earthly way.

## IV.

Primeval Fountain of unfading light !

Shadow of HIM who holds his glorious throne  
Enshrined in awful majesty and might,

In the full splendor of thy burning zone !  
Thou art the spirit's altar, and the shrine  
Of our deep thought, when thought is most divine !

## V.

Is not thy sitting beautiful ? The west

Is diadem'd with clouds, and the young stars,  
Like sentinels, to guard thy kingly rest,

Marshal around thy couch their silver cars,  
And the broad moon, all beautiful and still,  
Smiles like a Peri, o'er the eastern hill.

## VI.

My spirit breaks its slumber. A deep spell  
Of power is upon me. I behold  
Legions of those mysterious shapes which dwell  
On that bright sea, that rolls its waves of gold  
Around the sapphire palaces, that rise  
Magnificent beyond the curtained skies.

## VII.

And there are radiant forms, and eyes that shine  
In their soft, lustrous beauty, like the dew  
That halloweth the flowers which entwine  
Around the silver fountains of Merou ;\*  
And fairest brows, upon whose calm repose  
Is traced that love, which there forever glows.

\* "Among Merou's bright palaces and groves."—Veiled Prophet.

## VIII.

A holy task is theirs. Around the throne  
Of the o'ershadowing Glory, that doth fill  
That spirit-clime with beauty all its own,  
Veiled from created eyes, yet awful still,  
They bow, in breathless homage, to adore  
With worship meet, and fervent evermore.

## IX.

And oh the brightest there ! upon whose wings  
That awful and unwhispered *spell* is writ  
By Mithra's burning hand, to which all things  
Within the temple bow adoring it ;  
The brightest of the genii that hold  
Their ceaseless watch around the throne of gold,

## X.

Which, in that wondrous fabric where he dwells,  
Stands like a column of hewn flame, and burns  
With the strange incense which the circling spells  
Do pour unceasing from their starry urns—  
Pæaned by silver harps, whose tremulous strings  
Are fed with harmony from viewless wings!

## XI.

Why art thou dim, my soul? The mists of earth  
Yet darken round thee, and its clinging chain  
Yet cumbereth thy wing! Is not thy birth  
Within the splendor of that solemn fane—  
To weave, eternally, thy fervent hymn  
Around the shrine?—Oh wherefore art thou dim?



My spirit faints ;—the glorious sun hath past  
Like a swift thought away, and the bright hues  
That gilded his pavilion, melt at last,  
And night comes on with stars, and winds, and  
dews,  
Cold—cold ;—the flame grows brighter on the  
shrine——  
Earth, where art thou ? High Spirit, I am thine !





SONNET.

DAUGHTER of Heaven, star-eyed Freedom!—thou  
To whom the brave lift up their ardent eyes,  
To catch the deep light burning on thy brow,  
And the strong fervor of thy native skies!  
To thee, through countless years, the heart hath  
knelt,—

To thee the soul its gushing vows hath poured—  
And godlike men grew breathless as thy felt  
The proud and tameless spirit they adored.

Thy throne is high in heaven—e'en as a star  
Pouring its splendor through the night of time ;  
We hail thy kindling radiance afar,  
Though dimmed, yet bright—though clouded yet  
sublime !  
Free as the lion-hearts that own thy sway !  
Strong as the noontide sun, and glorious as the  
day !









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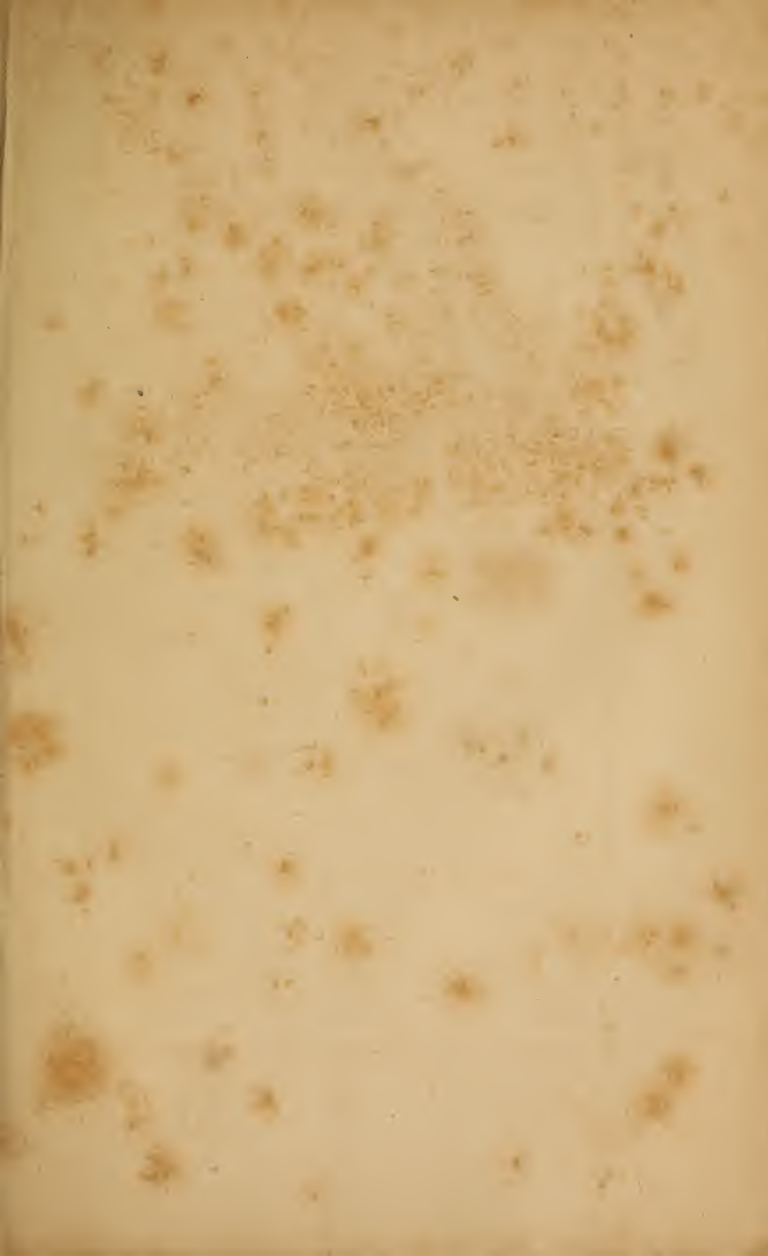
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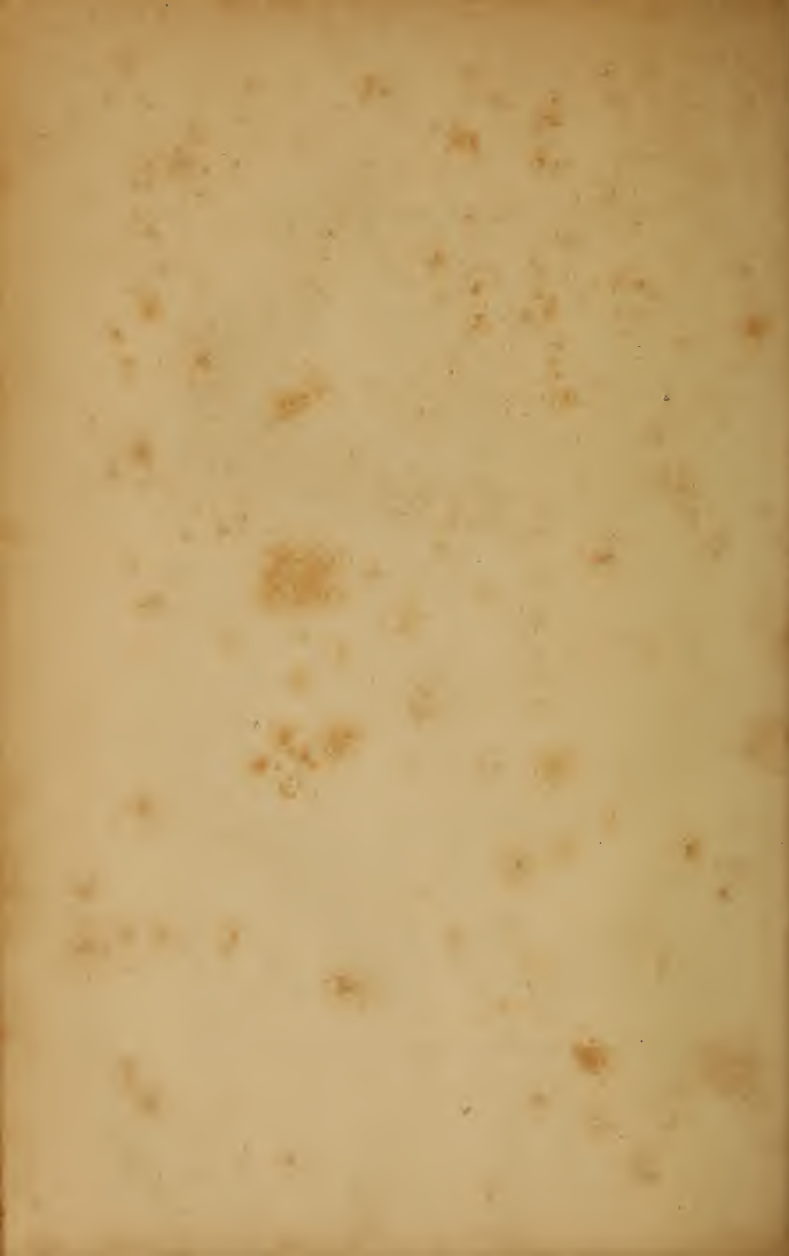
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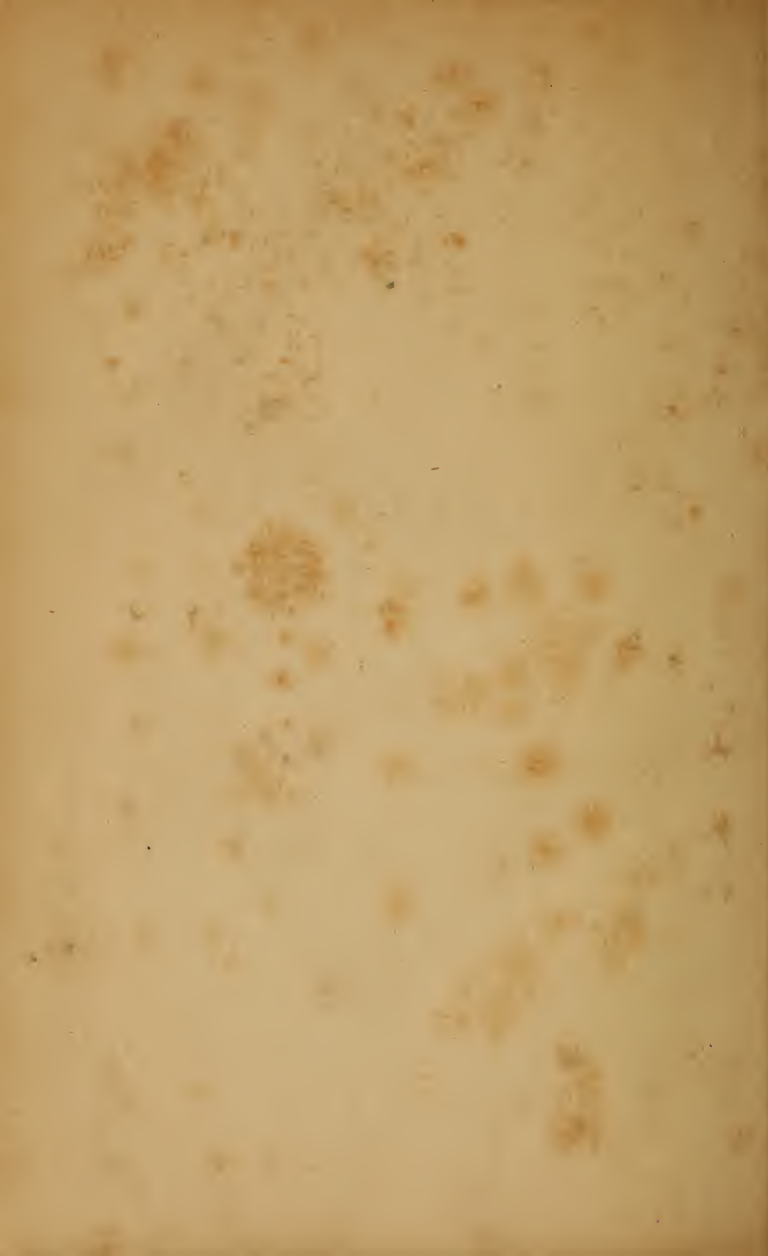
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